

ANNUAL

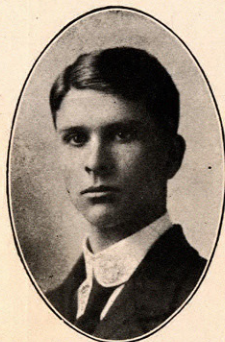


1911

Printed

TO SAMUEL M. THOMPSON, JR.,
WHO WAS COMPELLED TO LEAVE US IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TERM,
THE SENIOR CLASS DEDICATES THIS PUBLICATION.

Samuel Monroe Thompson, Jr.



MR. THOMPSON is a native of Henry county. He graduated from the Clinton High School and went from here to the State University where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, receiving cum laude in mathematics. He lacked only a semester's work to take the B. S. degree also, but the science department here was in need of a teacher, and the Board sought the best person for the place, and wisely chose him.

Within a month he was one of the most popular teachers that ever held a position in the Clinton High School. He associated with the students on the most friendly terms outside of school, yet maintained his dignity and his control over them in the class room. He was a friend to all, ever glad to give advice or outside help to all who sought it. He handled the class subjects in a way that only a master of them can.

Mr. Thompson was a member of the Missouri University Glee Club and soon after his arrival here was requested to take charge of the chapel singing, which he graciously but modestly did. Later in the year he organized the Glee Club, the life of which he was.

As one of the honorary members of the Emerson Society, he assisted them in maintaining the standards of the past, and in setting higher ideals for the future.

He was numbered among the best tennis players at the University, but had little time for that diversion here. And though he did not actively engage in any other form of athletics, he was

always interested in our High School sports and was ever ready to assist in any way possible.

About the middle of the year he was taken ill with la grippe, which later developed into a more dangerous disease. He stuck to his post, bravely fighting the malady, but it soon became necessary for him to get away from the confinement of the class room, so he requested the Board to release him from his contract, which it did with reluctance on account of the school, but gladly for the sake of his health. He soon left for the land of the magnolias and the jessamins and the ever-blooming roses where he now is. It is our earnest hope and fervent prayer that he may speedily regain his health and fill the place in life for which Nature so richly endowed him.

As a token of our love for him and of our gratitude to him for his assistance to us in our studies, and his friendship to us as a class, and as individuals, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven begs to affectionately dedicate this, the third Annual of the Clinton High School to Mr. S. M. Thompson, Jr., the student, the teacher, the companion, the confidante, the adviser and the friend of those who would work in the laboratories of learning or walk in the paths of rectitude.

BLAKE-MORE GODWIN.

Faculty.



ARTHUR LEE,
Supt. of Public Schools.



MISS ENID CALVIRD,
Instructress in History.

A. C. MOON, Principal,
Instructor in English.

MISS EMMA MELTON,
Instructress in Latin.

H. I. SCHNABEL,
Instructor in Science.



Faculty.

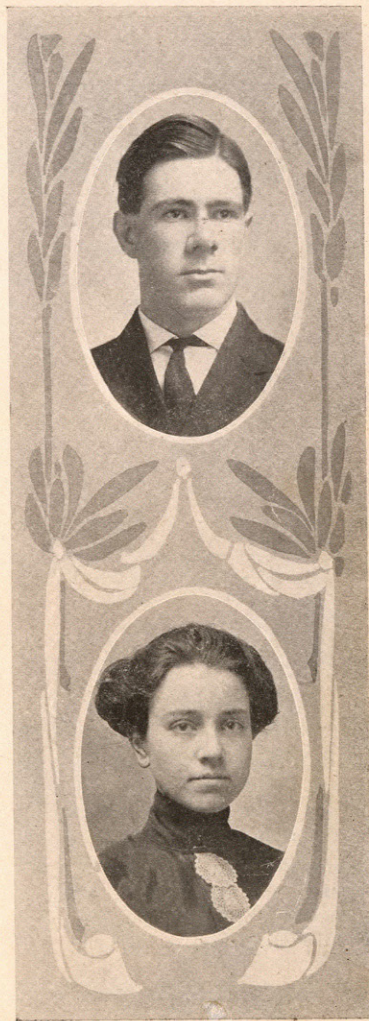
MISS KATHRYN SPANGLER,
Instructress in English and
Mathematics.

PAUL H. SMILEY,
Instructor in Manual Train-
ing.

MISS EUGENIA KENNEDY,
Instructress in Mathematics.

MISS RUTH EVANS,
Assistant Librarian.

MISS ARTIE WEST,
Librarian.



Seniors.

President, Charles Graham.

Secretary, Sallie Turk.

Colors: Red and White.

Flower: American Beauty Rose.

Motto:

"The man is the spirit he worked in; not what he did but what he became."

—*Carlyle.*

Yell:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
We're the Class of 1911.

Wrickety Buzz! Wrickety Buzz!
What the deuce is the matter with us?
Nothing at all, nothing at all;
We're the Class that beats them all.

Hurrah! Hurrah! 'Leven o'clock at night!
Now's the time to holler for the red and white.
Seniors! Seniors! Ain't we right?

BLAKEMORE GODWIN:

Valedictorian of his class and rising genius of the entire world. He likes nothing better than to get a chance to talk upon Trig. or Physics. Literary editor of the Annual.

Age---old enough to wear long pants.

Description---dramatic.

Pet word---Great Caesar.

Favorite pastime---studying.

Favorite book---Natural History of the Intellect.

Affectionate toward---books.

Besetting sin---instructing others.

Chief virtue---staying at home.

Aim in life---orator.

IONE HAMILTON:

Salutarian of the class. A member of the Annual staff. She cares not for frivolous amusements and is very positive in her likes and dislikes. Occasionally, however, she is seen to smile---even in Physical Geography class (that is, when Mr. Thompson was with us.)

Age---convenient.

General description---good.

Pet word---"Hully Gee.

Favorite pastime---translating for Mallie.

Favorite book---Virgil.

Affectionate toward---children.

Besetting sin---growling for nothing.

Chief virtue---helping others,

Aim in life---Latin professor.

WILL EMPEY:

Supreme in athletics; also in Senior German---especially in giving a literal translation of "Doktor Wespe." He has a corner on the girls in the High School and also one outside. Holds a high opinion of himself and of all about him, and tries, in a good-natured way, to run the Senior Class. The latter, however, absolutely refuses to be run by any person or organization whatsoever.

Age---not quite a bachelor.

General description---words insufficient.

Pet word---"Well, sir, don't you know---"

Favorite pastime---keeping company.

Favorite book---1911 Base Ball Guide.

Affectionate toward---brunettes.

Besetting sin---teasing.

Chief virtue---looking for a wife.

Aim in life---to get married.





LESLIE LOBAUGH:

The business manager of this publication. Daily he covers pages of paper with his financial accounts and computations. "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to L---a M-----a."

Age---becoming.

General description---tubby.

Pet word---"By jiminy."

Favorite pastime---thinking aloud.

Favorite book---"The Journeys of Baron Munchausen."

Affectionate towards---the "owlet."

Besetting sin---arguing.

Chief virtue---bearing his burdens.

Aim in life---stump-speaking.

Main difficulty in life---keeping his hair straight.

SALLIE TURK:

"A snow and rose-bloom maiden." A girl who does a boy's work in the High School, her course embracing Trigonometry, Physics and Virgil. Associate editor Annual. Secretary of the class--and a good one.

Age---

General description---appreciative.

Pet word---"Oh, Lawsey."

Favorite pastime---keeping watch.

Favorite book---

Affectionate towards---you know.

Chief virtue---amiableness.

Aim in life---to win her point.

GLENN MORROW:

Editor-in-chief of the Annual. A tall fellow who came from Calhoun two years ago and since has acquired the reputation of being a poet, though why is hard to say. "Smarter than a whip," truly said.

Age---undecided.

General description---tallest.

Pet word---(??).

Favorite pastime---writing.

Favorite book---

Affectionate towards---brown eyes.

Besetting sin---overwork.

Chief virtue---too numerous to mention.

Aim in life---the pulpit.



EDWARD GRAY:

His principal occupation is talking and loafing down in the door of the porch of the High School building. His favorite haunt of evenings is a house on Green street not far from the old Franklin building. Annual staff.

Age---not too old.
 General description---all right.
 Pet word---"Oh, slush!"
 Favorite pastime---calling on her.
 Affectionate toward---a Soph.
 Besetting sin---talking but saying nothing.
 Chief virtue---inquietude.
 Aim in life---a big man.

MILDRED HALL:

A literary artist of no mean ability. She likes to be teased about a certain Senior boy. Her chief concern is to have her own way but is exceedingly good natured about it. Laughing is her strong point. Annual staff.

Age---? ?
 General description---fair.
 Pet word---"That's all right."
 Favorite pastime---meditating whither to settle.
 Favorite book---"Babes in the Wood."
 Affectionate toward---elocution.
 Besetting sin---expostulation.
 Chief virtue---exactness.
 Aim in life---a reader.
 Chief difficulty---bossing the Senior class.

ELMER FELLHAUER:

The smallest fellow in the class. He just loves to study and never stays out at night---later than eleven. Annual staff.

Age---kid.
 General description---cute.
 Pet word---"Gosh!"
 Favorite pastime---keeping cool.
 Affectionate toward---anything.
 Besetting sin---acting cute.
 Chief virtue---succeeding.
 Aim in life---to get rich.



MORRIS TURNER:

Basket ball center. Likewise a thinker and poet of exceptional ability. We had some poems from him, but for the benefit of our readers---the majority of whom would fail to grasp their depth of thought---we have omitted them.

Age---fanciful.
General description---red haired.
Pet word---"Dod gast it!"
Favorite pastime---studying grammar,
Besetting sin---avoiding duty.
Chief virtue---succeeding.
Aim---an easy life.
Chief difficulty---getting in a hurry.
Affectionate toward---a junior.

NETTIE EMPEY:

"You would never know she was about until you saw her, and then you would have to look twice." She says so little for herself that we can scarcely find anything to say about her.

Age---doubtful.
General description---so small.
Pet word---"Oh, my!"
Favorite pastime---embroidering.
Affectionate toward---Brother Will.
Besetting sin---keeping quiet.
Chief virtue---goodness.
Aim in life---housekeeper.

WILLIAM DAVIS:

Likes to be considered wise. His favorite expression is "Gott und Himmel," in imitation of the German.

Age---indifferent.
General description---fat and fair.
Favorite pastime---growling.
Affectionate towards---match-making and breaking.
Besetting sin---novel reading.
Chief virtue---staying up after 10:30.
Aim in life---architect.



FRANK WADELL:

This is only his third year in the High School; nevertheless he completes the course this year. He likes the society of the boys; the society of the girls he likes better, and his own he likes best of all. He has been of invaluable aid to the Annual staff in soliciting advertising, and taking a great part of that work off the Business Manager's shoulders.

Age---made to order.
 General description---self-important.
 Pet word---"Get out, will you?"
 Favorite pastime---contemplating.
 Favorite book---German dictionary(?).
 Affectionate toward---teachers.
 Besetting sin---desire to be seen.
 Chief virtue---uncertain.
 Aim in life---a gentleman of note.
 Difficulty in life---staying at home.

INA HART:

Tall and commanding, an expositor of the art of smiling. She always picks out a back seat.

Age---just right.
 General description---stately.
 Pet word---"For goodness gracious."
 Favorite pastime---listening for his step.
 Affectionate toward---Walter.
 Besetting sin---over-use of whitening.
 Chief virtue---modesty,
 Aim in life---suffragette.
 Difficulty---looking sober.

CHARLES GRAHAM:

President of the class. A heavy set, athletic fellow. Played guard on the basket ball team, and has also a record behind him for base ball and oratory. But in regard to the latter, "he has grown from long-continued silence, hoarse."

Age---suitable to the fair sex.
 General description---dandy.
 Pet word---"Gee whiz!"
 Favorite pastime---being center of attraction.
 Favorite book---Cæsar's "Gallic War," (translated).
 Affectionate toward---girls.
 Besetting sin---imaginary slights.
 Chief virtue---being popular.
 Aim in life---to remain so.
 His chief difficulty---studying Physics.



JOHN WILL PIPER:

Has fully determined with himself to have a good time in this life. Prides himself upon his ability to recite without knowing anything about the lesson. "May I get excused?"

Age---rather fresh.

General description---curly haired.

Pet word---"that makes me tired."

Favorite pastime---flirting.

Affectionate towards---chorus girls.

Besetting sin---playing hookey.

Chief virtue---gallantry.

Aim in life---to travel.

Difficulty in life---keeping up appearances.

CLIFTON JONES:

She likes to tell funny stories in Physical Geography class. The "bitter end" of it is, however, that she gets other girls into trouble besides herself.

Age---flippant.

General description---true to nature.

Pet word---"Hurrah for Bryan!"

Favorite pastime---walking.

Affectionate towards---drummers.

Besetting sin---fondness for the streets-

Chief virtue---cheerfulness.

Aim in life---to win a westerner.

PAUL McLACHLIN:

The artist of the class. Annual staff. Member of the famous "Serenata Quartette.

Age---adolescent.

General description---good looking.

Pet word---"Oh, you kid!"

Favorite pastime---singing.

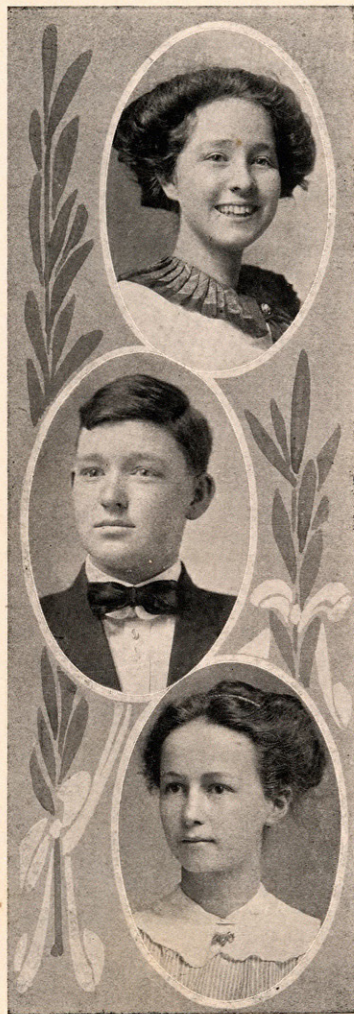
Favorite book---"Doktor Wespe."

Affectionate towards---the stage.

Besetting sin---being tardy.

Chief virtue---independence.

Aim in life---a great singer.



MALLIE TROLINGER:

"Verie et mutabilis semper femina." But at any rate her chief enjoyment in life is to go out driving after school hours behind a high-stepping black horse, the reins safely intrusted to the care of a pair of masculine hands.

Age---childish.
General description---rosy-cheeked.
Pet word---"I'll be swiddletydumpt?"
Affectionate toward---my 'Gene.
Besetting sin---blushing.
Chief virtue---likes pickles.
Aim in life---an old maid (?).

HAROLD SWAN:

A farmer lad who until the fall of 1910 had never enjoyed the benefits of Clinton High School. Since he entered school, Franklin building has been on the bum. He likes to walk down Green street on Sunday nights enjoying the beautiful scenery.

Age---important.
General description---good sized.
Pet word---"Looks to me like---"
Favorite pastime---accompanying little sister.
Favorite book---"Arabian Nights."
Besetting sin---being absent.
Chief virtue---telling all he knows.
Aim in life---to follow brother.

FREDA SHEPARD:

A quiet girl that never bothers herself or anyone else. Unlike the majority of the class she is so acquiescent that she never attempts to run the Seniors and but rarely has anything to say for herself.

Age---All right.
General description---silence personified.
Pet word---"Oh, dear me!"
Favorite pastime---meditation.
Favorite book---"The Quiet Life."
Besetting sin---saying nothing.
Affectionate toward---book-keeping.
Chief virtue---bashfulness.
Aim in life---a book-keeper.



THALES COLVIN:

A tall, well-built, sober (?) fellow, who was too smart to wait for the rest of his class, but received his diploma some time last fall. Since then, we hear, he has been rustivating among the natives of Arkansas, and incidentally endeavoring to instill into their comprehension some little of the vast amount with which his own brain is overflowing. Mr. Colvin remains reticent about the subject, however. Is it strange?

Age---unknown.

General description---commanding.

Favorite pastime---teaching school.

Favorite book---"Three Years in 'Arkansas.'"

Affectionate toward---Vera.

Chief virtue---a smiling face.

Pet word---"Donner und Blitzen!"

Class Entertainments.

THE class of 1911, contrary to any preceding class organized in the latter part of the Freshman year, but class rivalry being prohibited except to Juniors and Seniors, we were compelled to resort to other means of amusement.

In the Sophomore and Junior years we had three hayrides, the first to the home of our former classmate, Paul Mitchell, the others just picnics in the woods. The lunches, provided by the girls, were the special features of these picnics. In the latter part of the Sophomore year Miss McConnell entertained us delightfully at her home.

Easter 1910, the class had an egg roast at the Artesian Park.

There was the usual roasted eggs and camp fire, which would have been enjoyed more if the mosquitoes had not been so numerous. On May 13, 1910, the Junior banquet was given to the Seniors at the Guenther Cafe. The banquet hall was artistically decorated with class pennants and flowers. An excellent menu was served after which appropriate toasts were given. The week before Christmas an old-fashioned candy pulling was given at the home of Miss Jones. Every one wore big aprons and quite a number proved themselves very able candy pullers.

As it is too early for the end year entertainments we have had none thus far; but here's only to the hope that they will be many.

A Farewell to the Seniors.

THE Seniors have now done all that long usage requires them to do in the way of rounding out their High School careers. When, after the many activities of commencement week, the reader finds time to settle down and read the Annual, even our peculiar custom of Last Chapel will probably be complied with; and Finis will have been written for the year 1910-1911. The Seniors will already be launched on that ocean which commencement speakers tell of. It only remains to wave them good-by and call out bon voyage.

The Seniors do not sever their connection with the school by graduation. That tie binds them closer. One can be a student a little while at most; he can be an alumnus all the rest of his life.

But, however we may soften the matter, the Seniors are really gone. Commencement is in many ways a real parting. When boys and girls go out from school, the hand of Fate soon scatters them. Even those who continue to live near each other are often parted by difference of interests as effectively as by distance.

Let us not pretend, then. We must say farewell to the Seniors. We part from them with regret. They were a good class. They upheld the honor of the school in every department of activity. They were fair scholars, some of them excellent scholars. They counted some fine athletes among them. They had those in their number who write and speak well. In their graduation we lose some excellent musicians. In the four years that they have been in school there is no blot on their escutcheon.

One circumstance will set this year's class apart from the other classes in the history of the school. They are the last class to go out from the old Franklin building. The old building had to go. Left standing, it would have been an incubus on education and a menace. It is dear to many hearts and all are sincerely sorry to see it pass away, though they are glad there is to be

built for the school which they love a fitter home. As we say farewell to the Seniors this year we also say good-by to the old school. The close of this year and the graduation of this class marks the end of an era.

"To-morrow for fresh woods and pastures new,"
for the school as well as for the graduates.

Saying good-by is a slow ceremony. As Byron says, farewell is a word that makes us linger. We pause on the threshold; we do not by any means speed the parting guest; parting is such a sweet sorrow that we prolong it. We must hasten.

Good-by, dear friends, dear comrades, worthy students; strong natures that have persevered to the end. Keep a little place in memory green for us as we shall for you. As each of you sets out,

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.

A Retrospect.

IN the fall of 1907 sixty-one of the rarest Freshmen in Clinton's history gathered together in the library of the old Franklin school building, there to commence the four years' course which less than half are to finish in 1911. Poor Freshies! Jeered at by the wise sophomores---whose words of advice they were often too willing to take---laughed at by the Juniors and snubbed by the Seniors, they had a hard time of it; all the while attempting to get seats, find class rooms and solve the problem of those cards---called programs---which apparently had no more meaning than so much Greek. But see them at last, after a few weeks of chaos, getting into the order of things and settling down to the High School work. The themes on "Our First Impressions of the High School," which we were required to write at about this time, set forth our views very distinctly, and I'm sure that if they were preserved they would be much more interesting to set up in that Westminster Abbey, the Library, as inscriptions to our memory than the volume of Senior essays which is now in preparation. It was toward the end of the school year that the climax of our importance as Freshmen was reached. We raised the ire of the upper classes by organizing with Jack Steele as President and Emma Bixman as Secretary, and Red and White the class colors. And lo! In the silence of a moonless April night a band of emulous Freshmen stealthily climbed the fire-escape, their cherished pennant clutched safely to their bosoms, and ere another morning their colors would have been floating on the wind from the tip of the High School flag-pole, but---the janitor came up just then, and a week afterwards, too, with a bill for repairing eleven holes in the tin roof.

In our Sophomore year we rose to still greater prominence. Members both of literary and athletic ability were arising from our ranks. The Gladstone Society and the High School in general

began to hum with the oratory of Blake-More Godwin and Loyd Stratton. A certain "Bob" Campbell---unfortunately not with us now---began at about this time the management of the Gladstone Society and from then on it was under our feet. Will Empey, Harvey Whitlow and others began to star in the field of athletics. Everywhere we were triumphant. A hay-ride with bountiful refreshments to Mr. Mitchell's beautiful farm west of town, was the principal social event of the year. Juniors, Seniors and Faculty began to sit up and take notice of our triumphant advance and to exclaim that never before, and in all likelihood never again, would there be another class like ours.

Behold, moreover, on a certain spring night, the Juniors emerging from their several homes and proudly marching arm in arm through the town, intending to celebrate. They proceed in a body to the nickelodeon, then, after consuming the greater part of the ice cream and confectionary in Clinton, turn their steps homeward. But in the meantime much has transpired. The Sophs, unable to endure the haughty and overbearing Juniors are abroad intent on revenge. When, therefore, the Juniors forsake the lighted portion of the town and, more arm-in-arm than ever, are proceeding down the street in ambrosial darkness, the Sophs arise from their lairs. Each picks his man; no rest nor delay; hew, slash, cut, slaughter---carnage flowing as free as a fresh translation. The Juniors at last are driven to take refuge within doors and there, not daring to emerge for fear of the yet blood-thirsty Sophs, they are compelled to pass the night. At length, as ruddy Aurora tinges the eastern hills, they skulk homeward, their boastfulness departed. This was the memorable Class Day of the Juniors; this the chronicle that has been carefully preserved in the annals of the Class of '11.

More eventful still was our Junior year. With Charles

Graham as president and Sallie Turk as secretary, we commenced the course. Our first social event was a hay ride to the east of town with a triumphant and noisy return in the small hours of the night. This was followed by an egg roast on Easter night at the Artesian well in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Beswick. Owing to trouble of the previous year we were denied a class day, but nevertheless a holiday--at least, a hobo day--we made for ourselves. For one day, as the small hand of the clock is on its way towards one, several students appear, dressed not in the habiliments of every-day life, but in such cast-off raiment as would make them ridiculous. These are followed by others. One by one they arrive, tattered and torn, while Mr. Lee and Mr. Beswick stand in consultation at the door, denying them admittance, perplexed, doubtfully seeking one another's opinion, racking their brains for some method of precedence in such an unheard-of case. Meanwhile the students are outside in gleeful ecstasy at the perplexity of the faculty, and finally as a punishment, get a quarter-day's holiday to go home and change their clothes. This is another important day in the annals of the Class of '11.

At last we come to the Annus Mirabilis. September of 1910 brought us together for the last time, now only twenty-two strong. With three new faces in the faculty we commenced the final lap. Mr. Moon, our new principal, proved himself a most capable man in the English chair. The Senior class as abridged was glad to find such a friend in this man. At the time of this writing the principal social event has been a "taffy-pulling" at the home of Clifton Jones. With essays to write and annuals to edit we have not had much time for frivolous pleasures; instead, our class this year has been noted for its work. It has furnished three members of the basket ball team, still more for base ball and track work, and every president of the Gladstone Society. A remarkable class, indeed! But the wonders are not yet over. Wait until you hear our Commencement exercises; wait until our Senior essays are bound and opened for your inspection--then, perusing them, you may well wish the honor of having been a member

of this illustrious class--an honor which we all now feel greatly, and will look back upon with pride and admiration as the wheel of fate rolls us farther and farther away from the scenes now so familiar to us.

MILDRED HALL.
MORRIS TURNER.

Shmile.

"Shmile, und the world shmiles mit you;
Laugh, und the world vill roar.
Howl, und the world vill leaf you,
Und nefer come back any more.
For all of us couldn't been handsome;
Nor all of us wear fine clothes;
But a shmile vas not exbensive,
Und covers a world of woes."

Wondrous truly are the bonds that unite us one and all; whether by the soft binding of love, or the iron chaining of necessity, as we like to choose it.--I say there is not a Red Indian, hunting by Lake Winnysic, can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it; will not the price of beaver rise? It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the center of gravity of the Universe.

—*Carlyle.*

Everything has two handles, the one by which it may be borne, the other by which it may not. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold of the act by that handle wherein he acts unjustly, for that is the handle which cannot be borne; but lay hold of the other, that he is your brother, that he was nurtured with you, and you will lay hold of the thing by that handle by which it may be borne.

—*Epictetus.*

Vivite Felices.

The Senior Class! Oh, what a place!
Our eyes are dazzled as we look;
The height of High School effort gained,
The laurels won from pen and book;
And as the under-grads view them,
They well may wish the honors due them.

And now that we this place possess,
What bounds to our ambitious flights?
The smartest class of all, we guess,
That ever scaled these rocky heights.
Such genius and such talent, too,
In one small class of twenty-two.

No doubt we've got the swell-head some
(But who would not if in our place?)
When we review our four years run,
And see how fast we've set the pace.
We've passed in safety and in honor on
And now at last the race is won.

Perhaps one cause of our success
Has been our steadfast loyalty
To school, to class and, we profess,
To one another, as you see.

As comrades we've gone side by side,
And to this fact we point with pride.

Through thick and thin, for good or bad---
We've all been loyally as one;
So now it seems a trifle sad

That each must go his path alone.
But to our pleasure comes an end;
To work--to work our pathways trend.

How sweet will be the memory,
In after days, of these we see.

On swift returning wings we'll soar
Above this world of pleasures past,
And muse upon the days of yore,

And to our memories---hold them fast!

In fancy we'll traverse again
The well-remembered school-house halls,
Feeling again the joy and pain,
Re-living as our memory calls.
Once more we criticize "King Lear,"
And think of him who taught so well;
Once more, in anguish, quake with fear
When Trig or Physics test befell.
But best of all that quiet nook
Where stately Virgil spoke to us,
And she whose sympathetic look
Encouraged us to know him thus.

The class---that well-remembered score---
Will pass before our view once more.
Among the first we will recall
Will be our laughing Edward Gray.
We found in him a friend for all,
A pleased and pleasing smile each day.
He'll soon arise to higher fame
And add an "M. D." to his name.

And with him William Davis, too,
(Although we always called him Bill)
A little lad of five feet two
But yet possessed of such a head
That he became the teacher's dread
In mathematics and in German drill.
Beware all ye that tackle him!
Count well your luck to sink or swim!

Miss Ina Hart, in queenly state,
Her throne on high Olympus held,
And from that mount (sad to relate!)
Full many an ardent youth depelled.
For truly she o'ertopped us all,
"Divinely fair"---"divinely tall."

A brow deep-lined with lofty thought,
And shoes that never lacked a shine;
A deep bass voice from Orcus brought,

An air of dignity divine---
Our class contains this Frank Waddell;
How lucky we no tongue can tell.
What shall we say of Mildred Hall?
A little package of conceit,
But yet so innocent withal---
Her like in fact, you'd rarely meet.
A willing Swan became her slave.
Alas! for him no power can save.
To Blake-More Godwin duly goes
The highest honor of the year;
A bookish lad and one who knows
And prizes knowledge bought so dear.
Deep-taught from her most precious store---
Perhaps?--A temperance orator.
If spoken words were golden coin
And wordy men were millionaires,
Enormous wealth would Harold Swan
Enjoy, forgetful of his cares.
Into debates he leaps with glee;
The mascot of the class is he.
Miss Mallie Trollinger did spare
No pains to find her Romeo;
At last--Eureka!--'Gene Adair
Would play the part a month or so.
In languages she's extra fine,
From Latin "non" to German "nein;"
A credit to her class, indeed
Her words of wisdom all might heed.
O happy day for basket-ball
When William Empey entered school.
For four years now, he's passed them all.
His trade's athletics; health, his tool.
Two other stars, besides, have we:

One, Morris Turner, whom we see
As center, and Charles Graham here
The old guard whom our rivals fear.
With such a trio in our band
We march with victory in our hand.
Queen of her class, in pleasing schooled,
Miss Sallie Turk, in room eighteen,
With manner mild her subjects ruled,
And many a victory has seen.
She'll make, where'er her paths may go,
A world of sunshine here below.
Of Leslie Lobaugh notice take!
Behold a specimen almost
Extinct, of that war-painted host
Which roamed our land from sea to lake.
Alas! one weakness Leslie bore---
He liked too well a Sophomore.
Miss Freda Shepherd and her chum,
Miss Nettie Empey, hardly spoke;
About them conversation's hum,
Yet they their silence rarely broke.
But truly silence is of gold,
And rich are they who do it hold.
Of noble aspect, tall and strong,
Is Paul McLachlin whom we boast;
An artist, too, whose name ere long
Will spread our land from coast to coast.
He's somewhat silent and contained;
Thus was his reputation gained.
In truth, Miss Ione Hamilton
The classic myths with faith receives,
Deep-versed in gods of Greece and Rome,
Orion and the Pleiades.
The first advance she's made, you see,
And some day she'll write poetry.

Bluffer, preacher, humorist,
Windjammer, too, and pedagogue,
With traveling homo on his list
And number tens his shoes to clog,
But with a disposition true
To all, and false to none I know---
Thales Colvin is another, too,
We'll evermore remember so.

One other member of our class
Now claims the homage of my pen.
"Doc" Piper last year did not pass
So left the class of nineteen-ten;
And now with us he'll graduate
And for that precious sheep-skin wait.

A laughing, witty, jolly boy
Is Elmer Fellhauer indeed;
His countenance is full of joy,
His humor does our laughter feed.
O, could we all forget, like thee
The sadder part of life and see
The sunshine, only, richly fall
In gentle radiance over all.

No doubt our class is much renowned
For this fact, which is rarely seen;
Full fourteen boys of us are found
And just eight girls mixed in between.
But still the suffragettes to come
And champions of woman's right
Will take a leader from among
Our midst, to lead them in their fight.
She'll lead them on "o'er dead men's bones."
Her name, take note, is Clifton Jones.

And last of all, the weary scribe
Whose task is now so near an end--

The twenty-second of the tribe
That now from school their paths extend.
He liked too well the solitude
And silence dear, with thought imbued.

Our class description now at last,
Has conscientiously been done;
In silence have its members passed
Before your vision, one by one.
A splendid class as aspects go,
But what we'll do we yet must show.
Our four years' course is ended now,
Our work in Clinton High School o'er;
We've passed exams (we know not how);
We'll graduate as those before.
And now in pleasure we expect
Diplomas for our faithful class,
Happy as thus in honor decked
We end this chapter.--Let it pass!

But yet we feel the sadness, too;
Our joy is not unmingled with pain,
For friendship's bonds, thus formed in school
Cannot with ease be rent in twain.
We're leaving much that we hold dear,
Which but a dream will soon appear.
But let no space of land or sea,
Of time, or fortune's changing tide
Estrange our thoughts; so may we be
A class united, side by side.
Then fare we forth!--May each acquire
In fullness his heartfelt desire;
And ever as we onward go,
May each remember these school days,
And by our goodly actions show
Our school deserves its share of praise.

GLENN MORROW.

Will of the Seniors of 1911.

By Ione Hamilton.

WE the Seniors of the High School, in the City of Clinton, County of Henry, and State of Missouri, being of sound mind and memory and understanding, do make our last will and testament in manner and form following:

FIRST: Charles Graham, Will Davis, Edward Gray, Harold Swan and Mildred Hall bequeath to the Physics Class of 1912 all experiments and note books of this year's Physics class.

SECOND: Frank Wadell and Nettie Empey give and bequeath to the Senior German class of next year and the High School in general a literal English translation of "Doctor Wespe," written in the form of a drama, to be studied in the English department instead of Shakespeare and to be played at some future time by the rising stars of the High School.

THIRD: Glenn Morrow bequeaths his talent and reputation as class poet to Boyce Long.

FOURTH: Clifton Jones bestows her wit and wisdom on Winnie West. Morris Turner gladly leaves his reputation of enjoying and taking life easy to Myrtle Gray.

FIFTH: Sallie Turk bequeaths her reputation as an actress to Zoe Parks. Will Empey leaves the championship of the basketball team to Evert Phillips.

SIXTH: Leslie Lobaugh bequeaths his pocket dictionary, his ability to argue and his United States History to Ralph Trainer. The first two are to be used often, but the last occasionally. Ione Hamilton bequeaths her "sweet disposition" (?) and her willingness to help others to Leta Evans.

SEVENTH: Mallie Trolinger leaves her Latin composition and a liberal translation of Virgil's "Æneid" for the benefit of next year's Seniors. Paul McLachlin leaves his reputation of being

"the artist" of his class to Charles Whitaker.

EIGHTH: Freda Shepherd leaves her reputation for quietness to Pearl Cameron. Elmer Fellhauer leaves his reputation of being the cutest of his class to Frances Haire.

NINTH: Blake-More Godwin bequeaths his oratorical powers to Emmett Scott to be used in the debating of the Emerson Society.

TENTH: John Will Piper bequeaths his curls to Jim Browne and his jokes and "Diamond Dick" novels to Chester Severs. Ina Hart bequeaths her reputation as a fine pianist to Nina Treadway.

ELEVENTH: To the Sophomores and Freshmen we bequeath all essays, note books and all other paraphernalia that we may leave behind. To the Juniors we leave all the privileges and dignity enjoyed by us as Seniors.

MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

Signed, sealed, declared, and published by said class as and for its last will and testament in the presence of those who at its request and in its presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed their names as witnesses hereto.

MISS ENID CALVIRD,
Residing at Clinton, Mo.

MISS KATHRYN SPANGLER,
Residing at Clinton, Mo.

Some men would be brighter if they would reflect more, and some would reflect more if they were brighter.



President, Evert Phillips.

Secretary, Bertha Meloy.

Colors: Old Rose, White and Green.

Prophecy for the Class of 1912.

IN this day and age strange and wonderful things are happening. The magazines tell of mysterious experiences, the papers relate queer happenings in the unseen world that lies about us.

The other evening, as I was sitting calmly and quietly before the fire-place, my thoughts turned to these marvelous tales, and I wondered if it were not possible that I, too, might have some of the seer's gift of prophecy. The only way to find out was to test my power. Naturally, I desired to know what the future holds for those with whom I have been associated in school, my classmates. So putting away my surroundings and all thoughts of the present, I directed my mind toward the future.

Now, my friends, perhaps you may look with derision on my experience and say I was only dreaming, and that what I am about to tell you is impossible. Perhaps you will be like a certain old gentleman who, when a friend told him a remarkable tale, said, "You wouldn't believe that if you hadn't seen it yourself, would you?" The friend replied, "No I wouldn't." "Then," said the old man, "please excuse me." If you would like to be excused, I will not be offended. Return to your everyday life and continue in your ordinary course. All I ask is that you will bear with me until I have cleared my conscience.

I lost all consciousness as I traveled into the unknown. I saw the clouds moving somber and gray across the sky, with an occasional burst of sunshine on them. Soon, from among them, came an airship, gliding gracefully. At the helm was one of my classmates, Frank Bratzler. There was quite a crowd in the ship, and I recognized several other friends of my school days, Pearl Cameron, Leta Evans, Amice Johnson, Emmett Scott, Oscar Gaines and Boice Long. The ship passed on through the clouds and finally vanished. Then I saw the glaring headlines of a newspaper that all trace had been lost of the great aviator, Frank Bratzler, and a

bridal party, which he had been piloting on a trip around Mars.

Next I saw a large crowd gathered about a platform, on which stood a man delivering a temperance lecture. I recognized the man as Jim Browne. I learned that he soon became a famous temperance lecturer and the world was reformed through his efforts, and then he had no means of support, for there was no further need for his lectures. People gave him no aid because he had only done his duty in reforming the world, and no reward was due him.

I saw Edna and Ina Flora in a handsomely furnished modiste's parlor on fashionable Broadway, New York. They had become the slaves of the "Four Hundred." Their latest success was a skirt that out-hobbled the hobble.

Blanche Renfro seemed to approach me from a desert in a missionary's garb, when a cannibal seized and devoured her.

One of my most illustrious classmates, Zoe Parks, became a suffragette, and in a riot during one of her campaigns was arrested. Her ardor had some time either to cool or increase before she became an active suffragette again.

I met Nina Treadway in Ladue, which had grown into a metropolitan city. She poured forth a volley of Latin. I answered her to the best of my ability and inquired of an acquaintance why Nina spoke Latin. She told me that Nina had been a Latin instructor so long that she had lost the use of English.

Clodean Jones developed a wonderful soprano voice and one night, while singing before a large audience, her physical form disappeared, and all that was left was her voice. And for years, periodically, the echo of her song returned.

Next I saw the ocean and the waves, and farther and farther down I looked, until I could see the bottom of the ocean. Charles Whitaker was painting a submarine picture. Suddenly,

out of the shadows, a snaky arm appeared, and then another, and another, and Charles was gathered in. And then I saw the devil-fish distinctly with its arms folded. But I saw no more of Charles.

I took a trip to St. Louis and visited a sanitarium. To my surprise, I saw among the patients Evert Phillips. I was told he was there on account of a nervous breakdown. He had become a deep student of psychology, but, unfortunately, had his study near a baseball ground, and the noise made by the players and the crowds had driven him frantic.

While in St. Louis, I also visited a convent, and among the nuns I recognized another classmate, Lorraine Simes. Not without a pang, I noticed that her eyes were behaving. Growing tired of the world, she had sought quiet contentment here. I was not surprised, having known of the aversion which had shown in her school days toward all gew gaws and vain things of this world.

Bertha Meloy, after a brilliant career in High School, was unable to pass the teacher's examinations. So she started a private school of her own in competition with the Missouri State University, which soon became all but deserted. In a late paper I read that she was trying to close a deal for the purchase of the University buildings and grounds. She got a bill through the legislature for that purpose, only to have it vetoed by the Governor.

Ralph Trainer and Chester Sever went into partnership as a vaudeville team, and became world-famous. But one night, while playing to a crowded house in Montrose, Chester fell and injured his spine, and now Ralph hauls him around in a little wagon while they dispense lead pencils to the eager public.

I saw sunny California and the beach. There was a crowd there and every one seemed to be carefree and gay, except one girl who sat off to herself, looking very disconsolate. I looked closer and recognized Myrtle Gray. Then, in a city far away, I saw Winnie West with the same disconsolate look on her face, and

I realized that two lives had been made sad by separation.

I saw in flaming letters on a billboard the name of Orva Duckworth, and read further. The poster showed me that he was in the limelight as the most famous actor on the American stage. At first I felt glad for him because of the fame that was his, but my gladness turned to pity when I thought of how many of the real pleasures of life he was missing, and that he was not his own master, but a slave to the fickle populace.

John Adair was taking in a street fair with four of the weaker sex, who were apparently in their second childhood. Although John looked very much the same as when he was in the High School, he appeared to be worn and tired. Alas! could he have foreseen what the future would bring, would he have been so nice to the friends of his best girl?

Then I seemed to be worrying about what vocation to choose. Frances Haire was a successful medium in Chicago, and one medium was enough for the class of 1912 to produce. All the rest of my classmates had chosen high callings, but what had been their ends?

Then a copy of the Clinton Eye was handed me, and I quit my worrying to read it. I came to the advertisements and saw the name of my classmate and friend, Byrna Sigler. Apparently she had decided what calling she wished to follow, for she had advertised for a husband.

I thought Byrna's idea a good one, if only it would work out. I tried to find out whether or not she was successful, but while trying to go so far into the future, I broke the spell, and my vision ended.

Now, my friends, you may believe what you will of my story, but in the future, if any of you escape the fate I have prophesied for you, I trust you will give me the credit for giving you a timely warning.

MATHILDE DICKINSON.

Advice to Coming Seniors.

By a Senior.

REMEMBER now thy studies in the days of thy beginning while the evil days come not nor the weeks draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

While thy mind, or thy fame, or thy intellect be not darkened, and thou yet seest some end to thy toil.

For at the last the leaders of the class shall tremble; and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders shall re-double their work and those that look over their shoulders be demerited, for "finals" are in progress

When the books shall be shut in the desk, and sound of whis-

pering below, for the instructor shall rise up at thy voice and all the high grades be brought low.

Also when thou shalt be afraid of those who are high in authority, and fears shall abound, and the fountain-pen shall flourish and the "pony" shall be a burden, and the desirous shall fail; because the Seniors go to their long struggle and the mourners go about the streets.

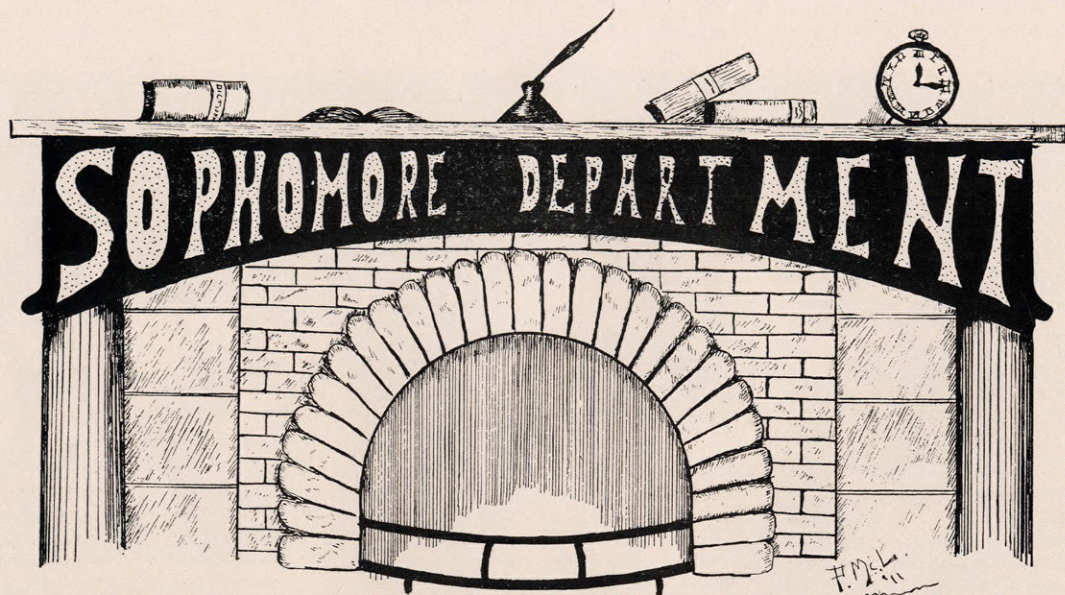
Harken diligently and hear my words; for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like a beehive.

Oh! a jolly good bunch is the Junior class
As jolly as ever you'd see;
And a jolly good number of them will pass
As Seniors to No. three
Then their willing shoulders will take up the weight
Which we so gladly set down;
Within their young hearts the love or the hate,
On their face, the smile or the frown.

But along the steep path to the mountain top here
Our best wishes carry with you;
"Glueck Auf" to you all and a prosperous year,
May your number be never a few.
And last when you come to the labor of all
When the "Annual" is looming before
Take strength from our weakness, our failings recall
And excel our production once more.

ANOTHER SENIOR.





Characteristics.

ESTHER SCHMIDLI:

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence and fair and smooth.

FRANK KENT:

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing and unthinking youth.

LELIA MARTHA WILLIAMS:

Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still.
Is human love the growth of human will?

EULAH PEELOR:

A pious fraud.

EDNA KAISER:

I had something to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.

CLINTON PAGE:

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech and speech is truth.

KITTIE DOOLEY:

Sighed and looked and sighed again.

FERN HAMMERSCHMIDT:

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

GRADY SPANGLER:

Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

JEWEL ROSS:

The windy satisfaction of the tongue.

ANNA SHEPHERD:

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

EULALIA MERTENS:

With eyes that looked into the very soul.

JESSIE WILSON:

She's all my fancy painted her;
She's lovely, she's divine.

DODSON GOSS:

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles
Little pretty infant wiles.

FLORENCE DEGEN:

Nothing is so silly as silly laughter.

CORYL MCCONNELL:

Oh, there is something in her voice that reaches
The innermost recesses of the spirit.

VENA HARVEY:

How pretty her blushing was, and she blushed again.

GEORGE HOWELL:

Modesty becomes a young man.

EDITH SAWYER:

From the looks, not the lips, is the soul reflected.

CORNELIA HAIRE:

We are always striving for things forbidden and
coveting those denied us.

KATHRYN KITCHEN:

And beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay.

HUGH JONES: Audacity, more audacity, always audacity.

HAZEL KNAPP:

Sometimes from her eyes I did receive
Fair speechless messages.

RALPH SIM:

When I beheld this I sighed and said
Within myself, "Surely man is a broomstick!"

JOHN BRITTS OWEN:

He was so generally civil that nobody thanked him
for it.

MARIAN KING:

To disregard what people think is not only arrogant
but utterly shameless.

ETHEL SCOTT: My voice stuck in my throat.

NELLE MCFALL: And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom
Shine like jewels in a shroud.

HAZEL HUNTER: Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

DIXIE SMITH: As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe.

WALTER LAHUE: No flowery road leads to glory.

MARY PRICE: You come late, yet you come.

BLANCHE BARNES: When you see fair hair be pitiful.

MAY SNIDER: The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.

EUGENE ADAIR: Other men have acquired fame by industry,
but this man by indolence.

LILLIE GRIFFITH: Those blue violets, her eyes.

FLORETTA CRUIKSHANKS: In her face excuse,
Came prologue and apology too prompt.

GARNET SPENCER: I hate the profane and vulgar herd and shun it.

RAYMOND FINKS: Rashness is not always fortune.

RYTHA SIM: Gentle in manner, firm in reality.

SPENCER PARKS: Blessed be agriculture if one does not have too
much of it.

HELEN LINDSTROM: As merry as the day is long.

EARL SIM: Whose little body lodged a mighty mind.

JIMMIE JEAN GODWIN: He's armed without that's innocent within.

HATTIE DUGGINS: Her face betokens all that's good and fair.

LILBURN BLAKEMORE: 'Tis good will makes intelligence.

A Trip Around the World.

ONE night, before retiring, I sat for a long time musing over the probable future of the Sophomore Class of 1911. At last I fell asleep and this is what I dreamed:

It was in the year 1923. I was employed as a teacher of German in a school in Berlin, Germany. Myself, with two other teachers, had been allowed a vacation, during which time we were to circumnavigate the globe in a grand new airship, the "Blue Wing," an exact copy of the most successful airship ever made, which was invented in 1920 by the great American aviator, Frank Kent.

We sailed westward across the country from Berlin in early spring. Our first stop was at Hamburg, where we delayed purposely to hear the great singer, Fern Hammerschmidt, whose reputation was now world-wide. She informed me that she had been in Europe six years, and that Kitty Dooley and Hazel Hunter had also come to Hamburg the preceding year to study music.

We left Hamburg the following day and sailed to Paris. I was going down a beautiful street in this city, when my eye was attracted by this sign: "Mademoiselles Degen and Williams, Hairdressing and Styles Designed." I went in immediately to see them. They were apparently unchanged and said that they were delighted with Paris. They said Cornelia Haire and Hugh Jones, both having finished college, were now married and living in Tours. All this was natural enough, but imagine my astonishment upon hearing from them that Eula Peelor had become a nun, and was living in Italy.

But surprises will never end. In Havre I saw the great actress, Ethel Scott, and in London the famed violinist, Jimmie Jean Godwin. I also had the pleasure of hearing one of the greatest pianists of the day, the former Jessie Wilson.

From here we sailed across the Atlantic to New York City. While there I chanced to pick up a paper, "Wall Street Million-

aires." I glanced rapidly over the headlines, but soon found myself staring at two names which looked strangely familiar. They were Dodson Goss and John Britts Owen, who were now recognized as two of the wealthiest gentlemen in the city. Well, this was more than a surprise, but there was yet another in store for me. I found the editor of this paper to be Walter Lahae and the assistant editor, Clinton Page. While in this city I met yet another friend, Coryl McConnel, the great singer. In Cincinnati, Ohio, I saw Nelle McFall who was now married and residing there.

Our stops up to this time had, for the most part, been very short as I was very impatient to reach Missouri, and especially the old town of Clinton. We came very near sailing right over, for how could any one have recognized the place? The improvements were wonderful. I especially noted the grand modern High School building, which had been completed in 1912, and went there to visit. It was certainly strange how I chanced to meet so many of my old school-mates. The first person I met upon entering the beautiful edifice was George Howell, now Assistant Manual Training teacher. I was more astonished to find Katherine Kitchen teaching Esperanto, and in the Domestic Science department Floretta Cruikshank was teaching embroidery and Verna Harvey, cooking. The Chapel exercises were conducted that morning by one of the city's most competent ministers, Grady Spangler. I heard, while there, that Edna Kaiser, Mary Price and Hattie Duggins, having all made handsome fortunes, had founded a charitable institution at Springfield, Missouri. Garnet Spencer was married and living at Kansas City.

From Clinton we sailed to Topeka, where I saw Rytha and Earl Sim. They were living with their parents on a modern farm near that place. In Denver I saw the great elocutionist, Jewel Ross, who was visiting there with the former May Snyder, now

"Who's Who---and Why."

NAMES	DRAWBACKS	APPROPRIATE SONG
Bertha Meloy	Stability	"When You Know That You Love Someone."
Edna Flora	The "Kandy Kid"	"Oh Gee, Be Sweet to Me Kid."
Ina Flora	Being mistaken for Edna	"Make Believe."
Myrtle Gray	Gossiping	"Could I but Tell."
Mattie Dickinson	Penchant for frown	"If You Alone Were Mine."
Byrna Sigler	John	"Why Don't You Spend Something Else Besides the Evening."
John Adair	Byrna	"L-O-V-E Spells Trouble to Me."
Evert Phillips	Leanness	"I'm Starving for One Sight of You."
Jim Browne	Traveling	"When the Evening Breeze Is Sighing, 'Home, Sweet Home.' "
Orva Duckworth	Drollness	"Happy Heine."
Lillie Kunkle	Frowning	"Budweiser's a Friend of Mine."
Lorraine Simes	Too frivolous	"If It Were Not for Father."
Chester Severs	Smoking	"I'm Glad I'm a Boy."
Zoe Parks	Getting out of dangerous places	"Will the Angels Let Me Play."
Frances Haire	Trying to be good	"I Feel Religion Comin' on."
Pearl Cameron	Disagreeing with other people	"There Is No Place Like Home."
Blanche Renfro	Getting her tongue twisted	"In the Vale of Dreams."
Ralph Trainer	Meekness	"I Used to Believe in Fairies."
Winnie West	Showing her dimples	"I Know That I'll Be Happy 'till I Die."
Nina Treadway	Flirting	"I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave."
Amice Johnson	Weakness for poets	"I'm Going to Marry a Nobleman."
Emmet Scott	Butchering the English language	"So What's the Use."
Frank Bratzler	Chewing gum	"I'm Always Doing Something."
Charles Whitaker	Cartooning	"Best I Get Is Much Obligated to You."
Boyce Long	Garnet	"Everyone Is Meant for Someone."
Lete Evans	Goodness	"Rock of Ages."
Clodeane Jones	Crankiness	"Handle Me with Care."



wife of the Governor of Colorado.

Near Sacramento our machine broke and we were forced to alight for repairs. While delayed there I went to visit the inmates of a beautiful little cottage nearby. It seemed that my eyes had deceived me when I saw before me Eulalia Mertens and Blanche Renfro, who were old maids and had both become noted writers.

At San Francisco I heard the great orator, Lilburn Blake-more. While here I also saw Spencer Parks, who was now a famed lawyer. We then sailed across the Pacific to Japan. While in Tokio we went one day to hear some missionaries preach, little dreaming that we were to listen to two others of that same class of which I had met so many. They were Anna Shepherd and Blanche Barnes, who had been in the missionary work two years and were having great success.

We went from there to Korea. Upon arriving there, the first thing attracting my attention was a great mob of women rushing down the street wildly waving their banners, "Votes for Women." Nothing could have astonished me more than to find the leaders of the suffragettes to be Lillie Griffith, Marian King and Edith Sawyer. They told me they had been here only a year, but were having great success in that country where woman's rights had been so long abused.

Our next stop was in the Himalayas. Here I chanced to meet my old friend Dixie Smith, who was also on a trip around the world, and from her I received information regarding other members of our class. Arthur Alcott had become a theatrical manager in Vienna. Helen Lindstrom had become a great composer of music and Hazel Knapp quite a noted pianist, now residing in Switzerland.

In Rosen, Germany, I saw Raymond Finks, who had been taking music here for a long time. He told me that he had visited England the year before and saw Ralph Sim, who was now a wealthy merchant in Liverpool.

Our next stop was at Berlin, where much to our regret, our trip ended. My first night at home, I sat for a long while think-

ing of the delightful trip I had taken--of how I had met everyone of the old class--of how well they had all been treated by Dame Fortune--and how various other things when--the clock struck, and I awoke.

ESTHER SCHMIDLI.

The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some leveling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others.

—Emerson.

So true is it, what I then said, that the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator. Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, Unity itself divided by zero will give Infinity. Make thy claim of wages a zero then; thou hast the world under thy feet.

—Carlyle.

To consume your own choler, as some chimneys consume their own smoke; to keep a whole Satanic school spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly, is a negative yet no slight virtue, nor one of the commonest in these times.

—Carlyle.

MARY ESTHER SIGLER:

"There, though last, not least."

MARGARET MEIEROTTO:

"Wreathed smiles such as hang on Hebe's cheek."

REGINA ADLER:

"Of two evils I have chosen the lesser."

EVA SWAN:

"Ambition has no rest."

MILDRED SETTLES:

"Reproof on her lips but a smile in her eyes."

CECIL THRUSH:

"A cheerful look makes a dish a feast."

MABEL SIGLER:

"Deeds, not words."

MARY ELAM:

"Handsome is as handsome does."

JULIA TREADWAY:

"Penny wise, pound foolish."

FRANCES WARE:

"Never leave that till to-morrow which can be done to-day."

MAMIE GRIFFITH:

"We are never so happy, nor so unhappy, as we imagine."

GOLDIE GIESON:

"Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none."

ALENE CRAWFORD:

"Turn over a new leaf."

GLADYS ALBAN:

"To make a mountain out of a mole-hill."

NELLIE KINYON:

"Speech is silver, silence is golden."

LORNA OWEN:

"She was clever, witty, brilliant, sparkling beyond most of her kind."

Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his thought---and posterity seem to follow his steps as a procession. A man Cæsar is born and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; and all history resolves itself very easily into biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

—Emerson.

Freshman Boys.

ROYAL BOOTH:

"Whence is this learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

PAUL CARNEY:

"Fly from love! vain hope! there's no retreat,
When he has wings, and I have only feet."

BEN HURT:

A goose, but what a critic!

GUY WEAKLEY:

Always memorizes his debates, but they are nevertheless good.

DON GUTRIDGE:

He sure has a college swing.

LEE GILDERSLEVE:

"Importance is one thing, and learning's another,
but a debate's a debate, that, I assert."

ROY YOUNG:

"No, never say nuthin' without you're compelled tu,
And then don't say nuthin' thet you can be held tu."

ROSS COLLINS:

"And wisely tell the hour of day
The clock does strike by algebra."

MARK SUMMERS:

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."

CHARLES ARNOLD:

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

EVERETT MAYES:

"Too low they build who build beneath the stars."

JOHN BOYLES:

"From a little spark may burst a mighty flame."

ORIN STAPLETON:

"Look cheerfully upon me; thou seest how diligent
I am"

EARL PEPPER:

"Great floods have flown from simple sources."

DOUGLASS ALCOTT:

"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

EARL SEVER:

Ambition---To be the monkey of his class. (He has realized it---Lit. Ed.)

HARRY KENAGY:

"He who moves not forward goes backward!" is a capital saying.

ELVA RAVEILL:

"A penny for your thoughts."

HOWARD RENFRO:

"In the dimension and shape of nature a gracious person."

FRANK DAUM:

"But genius must be born, and never can be taught."

HAROLD LANE:

"Let us do or die."





The Class of 1914.

When we came, the others thought us to be green as grass;
When we went the others knew us to be bold as brass.

LAST September, we arrived at the Clinton High School as the class of 1914. At that time we numbered over seventy-five---the largest class that has ever been enrolled. Here, under the supervision of the Sophomores, we got so many "gags," that if a mouse would squeak near us, we would make an evasive answer and vanish. But we soon got "wise," and the Sophomores found out, to their great chagrin, that we were the masters of the situation.

Towards the middle of the year, we were sorry to lose Mr. Thompson, but his place was taken by Mr. Schnabel, who made a very good teacher.

We have our hopes of turning out a few presidents, millionaires and professors. We have our good points and our bad ones, but we are expecting they will all turn out good ones by the time we are Seniors. Many of the members of the famous "90" list

are Freshmen.

Now came the great crash. The ragged cracks and shaking floors of the west wing finally scared the Faculty and the School Board, and it was condemned. The "90" list now began to fail somewhat, for our close quarters made it very easy to talk and much "cutting" was done. Part of the chapel was confiscated by Miss West and her worthy helper, Miss Evans, for the library. Miss Kennedy's abode was changed to the room formerly occupied by the eighth grade. We are no longer awed by the teachers for we have grown very bold. On March 23 of this year, to the great delight of all the classes and teachers, the kind citizens voted us a new high school building. On the night of the election the classes held a jollification, in which the mass of Freshmen could be heard above all in the yells. Our sincere wish is that we, the class of 1914, may enjoy three years of happiness in the new High School building.

HAROLD LANE.

Freshmen Girls.

PEARL MCGINNIS:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

INEZ BOOTH:

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

HELEN HALL:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

BEULAH SETTLES:

"Modesty is the beauty of women."

VIOLETTE MASSIE:

Ambition---To be the greatest actress of the past,
present or future.

ETTA STEVENS:

"Divinely tall and most divinely slim."

GARTHA EVANS:

"Pleasant smiles make many friends."

DIXIE JUVENAL:

"All people said she had authority."

NELLIE DUGGINS:

"No padlocks, bolts or bars can secure a woman as
well as her own reserve."

KATHRYN STRAUCH:

"My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain."

LOUISE WADELL:

"Let me have music, dying, and I seek no more de-
light."

MARY SHEPHERD:

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

KARHRYN ALLEN:

"Whirled by a whim."

CHARLOTTE HARVEY:

"Fine by defect, and delicately weak."

NELLIE MASSIE:

"Where the stream runneth smoothest the water is
deepest."

REGNA JULIAN:

"The word 'impossible' is not in my dictionary."

DELLA HERRING:

"Strong reasons make strong actions."

MAUDE JONES:

"Fine words! I wonder where you stole them."

MILDRED KUNKLER:

"Self-love is the greatest of all flatterers."

MABEL WELLS:

"What thin partitions sense from thought divide."

SUSIE MONTGOMERY:

"I to myself am dearer than a friend."





The Gladstone Society.

DURING the first years of the Clinton High School it had no established literary societies. It would be sad indeed, if we were deprived of this important branch now.

On the twentieth of October, in the Year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, a society, by name, New Century, was founded. It was composed of the three upper classes. This was disbanded in April of nineteen hundred. Then at the beginning of the next school year, September, nineteen hundred, two societies were organized, an equal number of students from the three upper classes being given to each.

On September 28th, 1900, a body of students met in what is now Room 15 of Franklin building and organized the Gladstone Literary Society, under the supervision of Professor Lee and Mr. Newton.

The Society grew--that, however, does not express it. It increased not so much in numbers as in the efficiency of its members. But open its records and look on its roster. First you will find the name of C. P. Dickinson, a son of our Congressman, who is now a flourishing young lawyer. Down a short way you will notice another, a lawyer and scholar, Charles Calvird, Jr., son of Judge C. A. Calvird.

But, then, let us consider the origin of the name. A committee of three members selected the names Savitar, Atheneum and Gladstone for the society to choose from. Gladstone won by an overwhelming majority.

The first colors were lavender and gold, but dissatisfied with these, the colors were changed to pink, green and white, and finally the wise decision was reached that the two societies bear the colors of the High School. A committee of fourteen, seven from the Gladstone and the same number from the Emerson society was appointed for the purpose of choosing colors. The result

was cardinal for the Emersons, and light blue for the Gladstones. Thus it remains to this day.

But leaving the dim past, I come to that of my own memory. How when Freshies, we shook with fear when first put on duty, to think of arising before the Seniors and Juniors, such members as Lelia Trolinger and the poet Leroy Scott; but the terror passed, and we awakened to realize how the Society was growing, how the literary standard had been raised beyond our realization.

In debate we hold great renown from the names of Cornick, Scott, Gaither, Levy, Godwin, Turner, Morrow, Gray and many others, which will ring down through the years to come.

Then, again, though these are of the past or of the "nearly departed" we have many rising declaimers and debaters.

Last year the progressive members of the society enlivened the routine of the usual program by having a mock trial.

A short time ago a play, "The Prairie Princesses," was presented by Lorna Owen, Zoe Parks, Mildred Hall, Sallie Turk, Jim Browne, Edward Gray and Blake-More Godwin.

The society has much musical talent, as well as literary, including Glenn Morrow, Jessie Wilson, Susie Montgomery, Lelia Martha Williams, Leslie Lobaugh, Byrna Sigler, Kathryn Kitchen, Charles Graham, Jim Browne and Evert Phillips. Mattie Dickinson is our best reciter. Year by year the society is growing.

The latest thing that has been done is the organization of a debating club, supervised by the Senior boys.

Thus I will leave it with the hope that in the next four years it will grow as it has in the last four, and it surely will in its new and less crowded quarters in the new High School building.

SALLIE NADINE TURK, '11

Senior Physics.

ORGANIZATION:

Harold Swan	Chief Bellows
William Davis	Master Mechanic
Charles Graham	Glass Blower
Mildred Hall	Recording Angel(?)
Edward Gray	Fire Dept. and Salvage Corps
Sallie Turk	Miscellaneous Assistant
Blake-More Godwin	Official Lecturer
Glenn Morrow	Scientific Research
H. I. Schabel	Jack-of-all-trades

REFERENCES:

"The best class in the High School."

---MR. MOON.

"The only class in the High School I would trust out of my sight with a postage stamp.

---MR. THOMPSON.

JUST LISTEN TO THIS:

SCHNABEL---"So you see that when the epinadiplosis of a non-amorphous conglomeration is cognizable to the human brain-pan, the metempsychosis induced apparently equilibrates an esoteric fimbriation, from which we may safely assume that a thaumaturgic refulgence has been holographed within."

GRAHAM---"So you reject the proposition that the bisectors of two supplementary adjacent angles maintain a mutual perpendicularity?"

SCHNABEL---"By no means. I merely affirm the glabrous integument would imbricate so tautologically upon the fugacious lithograph that a supererogatory tergiversation would be required to incressate the whole."

GODWIN---"But yet, when a synchronal tessellation"---

SCHNABEL---"The matter is of no moment; we can excogitate at our leisure."

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.



Pace Voluntateque Optima.

In turning once more
To seek as before
The different goddess of rythmical lore,
I use every ruse
On the shy little muse
To woo her and win as in days of yore.
But great though my care,
She baffles each snare,
And timid and coy as an innocent lamb,
She flits everywhere
In mischief and dare
Till I see what a big awkward wooer I am.

But come let us sing--
Let the merry notes ring
Of life and ambition and each gladsome thing

That fills up the cup
Of life where we sup
That flavors the fruit of the tree where we cling.
Let us look o'er the past,
With rich treasures vast,
With laws and religion, and heroes renowned---
And over it cast,
While fond moments last,
A halo of glory---in reverence crowned.

What fables untold,
In archives of old,
Have perished with age, from dust and from mold?
What tales that would thrill
The cultured world still
Recounting the deeds of their warriors bold?

When heroes of Greece
Sought the much guarded fleece,
When Mars and Bellona were worshipped at Rome,
'Twas cried, "Cursed is Peace,
May strife never cease."
They gloated in war, and divided the home.

Till forward there spread
A feeling of dread
Of the great Roman name and the lustre it shed,
As o'er the known world
Their banners unfurled,
And nations unfriendly were routed and fled.
With Neptune and Jove
To exhort from above,
With heroes like Cæsar to lead in the fray,
They scorned family love,
And the peace-bearing dove,
And killed or enslaved all who fell in their way.

Yet as we recall
The rise and the fall
Of some ancient city, with battlement wall,
With heroes who durst,
In unquenchable thirst,
To perish for city, for honor lose all,
We chide not the name
Of the man who won fame
In a cause that his gods and his fathers upheld;
To-day what is shame
Was not yesterday's blame,
The passions to-day in time will be quelled.

How mellow the gem
Of Divine diadem
Shed rays o'er the world its tempest to stem.

Till it vanquished the night,
And now in the light,
The civilized world consecrates Bethlehem.
Sublime is the hand
That cultured our land,
That lifted, refined with an almighty will,
Whose power could band,
Could sway and command,
Like His who suffered on Calvary Hill.

So firm was the word
Of the all-saving Lord,
Lies broken the axe and sheathed is the sword;
Those hardened in fight
Have been led aright,
And welcome the gospel in hearty accord.
And so let us sing,
Let the merry notes ring,
With the gladness of those who welcomed him then,
A spiritual King,
The good news to bring,
Of Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men.

LEROY SCOTT.

Down Left-Hand Lane.

ALTHOUGH the title of this sounds queer, I'm sure if you follow me on my journey you will find the trip quite as queer and interesting as the subject.

It was one of those queer days in April which have a rather bewitching effect on us. The sun rose bright and clear, but within an hour a light cloud had covered it and soon others appeared and by the middle of the morning a haze was over everything. Yet it looked like the sun might appear any minute.

We decided that this was just the kind of a day we had been wishing for to take our long-planned-for trip "Down Left Hand Lane." We started down a lane full of spring life and promising to make a fine shady place for driving in the summer. By the way were beautiful spring flowers growing in profusion and we picked all we could carry and wished for more.

After advancing a short distance we saw the source of a little stream. The clear, sparkling water seemed to come from an invisible spring and played over the pebbles and stones in a fascinating way. We each drank a full supply, then gave our flowers a dip in the cool refresher.

As we continued on our stroll we noticed that the stream followed us and gradually increased in volume. Soon much to our surprise we beheld the water frozen over as thick as in January and a merry crowd was having a skating party. On the bank was a big fire built of brush gathered nearby. We looked at our bouquets and found them frozen stiff. How we longed to have skates and join in the fun. But our time was limited.

When we left the crowd behind we noticed that all nature looked queer but could make no explanation. In a few minutes we discovered a strawberry bed nearly red with berries. We ate a generous amount and resumed our way when suddenly an orchard filled with all kinds of ripe fruit appeared in front of us. It looked so good that temptation had to be yielded to.

On we went, stopping often to wonder at and admire nature. A farmer was plowing near the road and as usual he spoke. His manner was so friendly that we stopped to converse with him. Conversation was becoming a little slow when we saw something resembling snow rise just beyond a distant hedge, with a sudden flurry then disappear. The next instant a deer leaped into sight and bounded by us. Next the dogs, then the huntsmen appeared and passed us, going beyond our view.

We decided to investigate beyond that hedge fence and wonderful to say we found fields covered with a beautiful white blanket as far as far as we could see. Almost immediately a man appeared with a big sleigh in which we had a fine ride.

After resuming our journey we saw a barren waste in the center of which was a large cemetery. No life seemed to exist for miles except a little shrubbery and coarse grass; the graveyard had driven everything away. In the center of this was a large structure, evidently meant for a monument. Surrounding this were smaller stones. We decided to see what could be buried in such a forsaken place. On one small stone we found this inscription, "Class Days--may you have a resurrection.--The Students." Another read; "Glee Club; died not of harmony." On the next were these words: "Here lies C. H. S. football; may you be dead forever." Signed, A. L.

On examining the large structure we found it to be only soft brick and on a slab resting by the side were these words: "What remains of the Franklin building that was buried with proper rites the nineteenth of May, nineteen hundred eleven, by the Seniors. The rest is held in sacred memory by those of sentimental natures."

We sat and meditated and our journey ended.

MILDRED HALL.

(Note--That there may be no mistake, the pronoun "we" in the above refers to the authoress and her friend, H----d S-n.--ED.)

Monuments.

THE sight-seer in Kansas City, walking down the Paseo, will very likely come across a large marble monument with the name "Col. W. H. Swope" at the base, and beneath it these words: "Exegi monumentum perennius aere." More lasting than bronze, truly! He it was who presented to the city the large tract of land to the south, to be used as a public park; and always in the coming years will his name be revered for the gift to his fellow citizens, a source of pleasure and relaxation to the city-weary soul. The careless pleasure-seeker and the slum-child will think of his name alike with reverence. It is for this reason that this sentence appears carved to his memory, "I have erected a monument more lasting than bronze."

There are two kinds of men who erect monuments; likewise, two kinds of monuments which are erected. Your Caesars, your Napoleons have created monuments for themselves--monuments of imperialism. Your Voltaires and John Lockes have created monuments--of philosophy. Archimedes, Galileo, Newton--are revered to-day by those who follow in their footsteps. Yet think, if they had their due, what monuments could truly be erected to those other few--to Savonarola, Martin Luther, George Washington and others of the type. Those relics of chipped stone which stand in the public places of the world to represent these men are nothing in comparison with the pedestal on which they are revered in every human heart. They, also, might truly have written, "I have erected a monument more lasting than bronze;" for wherever the highest ideals appear, there will they stand in their glory as the exponents of those ideals.

Wherein lies the difference? The former, the "monumenta ex aere," are simply stimulants to the memory. Great or small, whenever a man dies his assiduous friends endeavor to erect a monument to his memory. To his memory--perhaps not to the man himself. There, upon that expanse of white stone, his deeds lie carved; inviting--nay, compelling the attention of the passer-

by. But after all they are meaningless; with a cursory glance the observer passes on and gives it no second thought, for how can he be interested in deeds which had no effect upon himself--which stirred no responsive feeling in his heart? Did Newton's discovery of the Laws of Motion affect in any degree the French peasants who, at the time, were toiling under the Bourbon monarchy? Has Darwin's Theory of Evolution done anything to draw men into closer relationship with one another? Simply stimulants to the memory are these monuments, and at best but an abortive stimulant; for finally they lose their signification and become but a mockery of what was once thought to be but is no longer--a monument to human egotism and human disappointment.

On the other hand, the "monumenta perennia aere" commemorate deeds which need no artificial commemoration. Nero and his infamy would have long ago been forgotten, no doubt, but for the horde of writers and historians who have preserved them to the present day. But it is different with that other few. In the very dawn of antiquity, when histories and historians were yet to be, we distinguish the legend of some Prometheus--some benefactor to the human race whose deeds have been transmitted from mouth to mouth, down through numberless generations to everlasting remembrance. Every heart throbs in unison with that of William the Silent, each pulse clamoring for liberty--he sacred right for which all men have ever struggled. Deeds worth commemorating will never need the stimulant of bronze, but will themselves erect monuments to their authors in every human heart.

All humanity is joined together by a universal tie. "There is one mind common to all individual men," says Emerson. Underneath all the diversities at the surface a common cord runs through all, and whoever strikes this cord sets all the hearts of the human race to vibrating in sympathy with himself. He who does a good deed to humanity, he who has brought about a closer relationship and a better understanding between his fellow-men; he who thus sets the whole line of kindred hearts into sympathetic vibration with one another and himself--he it is who has truly erected a monument more lasting than bronze.

GLENN MORROW.

The Emerson Literary Society.

It is a pleasure to give an account of the good work the Emerson Society has done this year. Having been a member of the society for four years and knowing the work that has been done in the past, I believe that this year has been the best of them all.

From the standpoint of literary merit, the society has not been lacking. We have had some splendid duties such as stories, biographies, recitations, German and Latin readings, and debates. The last named have been exceptionally good. The girls have shown themselves the equal of the boys in argument.

It has long been the reputation of the Emerson Society that its members strive to excel in musical as well as in literary duties. Each year the new members work hard to fill the places made vacant by those who graduated the year before. This year the Emerson has numbered among its musical members three excellent violinists, several talented vocalists, and many piano players of ability. Every musical program is a treat, and lovers of music should hear the violin work of Lloyd Biggs, the piano duets by Louise Wadell and Mildred Kunkler, and the vocal solos by Paul McLachlin, to say nothing of vocal quartettes, trios, duets and solos by many others.

Among the many interesting special programs presented by the society this year have been a Scotch program in October, an Indian day and Thanksgiving program in November; in December a Winter Day and Christmas program; a St. Valentine's Day in February and a Longfellow Day in March. St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in a most pleasing way, every number on the program being especially fine.

As a tribute to the Freshman, Sophomores and Juniors, I wish to say that we owe most of our success to them, although the Seniors, however small in numbers, have contributed their share.

All exercises have been ready and delivered at the proper time. Every member has done his part, whatever it might be, and we feel that we have gained our purpose to make our society a success. Yet we feel that we owe the greater part of our success to the teachers who have ably assisted us in bringing our society to such a degree of excellence.

Although we have very excellent workers in the three teachers left us, still we miss Mr. Thompson from his accustomed place. During the time that he was with us he worked faithfully and well, and made true friends of us all. We very much regret his loss, and we wish to express our thanks to him for his aid and sincerely trust that he may regain his health and strength and be able to fill his place in the world.

The Emerson Society has shown marked improvement. By observing our records of the past years, we have reached the conclusion that our society is the best now that it has ever been. So here's to her! "May she grow and prosper in the years to come as she has in the past and may she endure as long as any institution of her kind shall last."

IONE HAMILTON.

Charles Graham (in Physics class): "Why is it, Mr. Thompson, that when you stand on your head all the blood runs downward, but when you stand on your feet it doesn't?"

Mr. Thompson: "Well, Charlie, your head's empty and your feet are not."

EDITORIAL

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CHARLES GRAHAM				

AS the Senior class of '11 leaves the Clinton High School this year, it is with the promise of an increased prosperity for our Alma Mater. Very commendable indeed was the action of the people of Clinton in providing the School Board with funds to build and equip a new and up-to-date High School. For many years past its term the old Franklin building has served the town for High School and grades combined, and within the last few years the schools have been unavoidably restricted because of the lack of accommodation in the old building. But yet there are many pleasant memories associated with its venerable walls, and it seems a pity destroy such a landmark of the city. Standing as it has

for over forty years, while around it the city grew from a little inland town to a place of considerable importance, and with the pupils of its younger days grown up and settled around it, there are many who will regret the day when operations are commenced for its demolition. Its time has come, however. For a long time it has failed to offer accomodation for the growing needs of the school, besides being an unsightly edifice, and its walls are no longer absolutely safe. So down with the old Franklin building and up with the new \$45,000 High School in its place, and may the High School Students for a decade to come find Knowledge and Happiness within its walls!

In the meantime while we are suffering the inconveniences natural to the derangement of the High School for a while, let us think of the time not far distant, when Clinton High School will be a point of pride not only with the city, but with the whole county as well. For with increased accommodations and facilities, must come a natural growth of the reputation for the training of the young which it has held heretofore. At last Clinton High School will rise in her greatness, and we, in after years, will be proud to look back and remember that our names are numbered in the roll of her graduates. Then "Here's to her. May the years to come be unequaled by any that have gone before," is the wish of the Senior class.

THESE is a study in the High School course which, in our opinion, should be made compulsory--the study of Latin. At present two years of either Latin or German are required for graduation; but the chances are that the student coming into the High School is so terrified at the thought of Latin that he waits until his Junior year in order to begin his language requirements. Whoever does this makes a grave mistake. It is universally agreed that nothing develops the mind so much as mathematics and the study of ancient languages, and mental development is the principal aim of the High School. So often it is said that German is much better than Latin in that it is more practical; Latin, it is said, is absolutely valueless in after life, while German is spoken everywhere. But as for a speaking knowledge of German--is that attainable in the High School? You gain a few roots, a few declensions and conjugations, learn to say "Wie gehts" and "Auf wiedersehen," but as to conversing with a native German--that can only be done after years of residence among them. On the other hand, is Latin so valueless as is usually supposed? To give its students the ability to acquire knowledge, rather than to deal

out facts by the handful, is the aim of the High School. Whoever has learned Latin has gained a key to the mastery of practically every modern language; he has unlocked the vast treasure-house of ancient knowledge; he has gained new ideas of things and has learned to discriminate in the use of his own native words; and if he has followed the full four-year course, if he has come to appreciate Virgil, the poet, his eyes have been opened and the inspiration he derives from the study of his masterpiece he will account as one of the most priceless things of his life.

WE feel that in these columns we must offer a word of thanks to those who have so willingly aided us in the production of the 1911 Annual. Not only the Senior class but the members of the other three have all supported our efforts, both by their subscriptions and their literary productions. Those who furnished the latter we especially thank; to them is due the credit for the representation of the three lower classes in this publication. Yet this is as it should be. The Annual is the production of the entire school--a record of the year's work in all the branches. The Senior class and the managing staff are merely the organ--overworked, it is true--through which the productions of the High School in general should be handled, and it depends to a great extent upon the support of the other classes as to whether the Annual is a success or not. This support we have had, and we trust that as the years go by, the High School Annual will come to be appreciated more and more, offering as it does a "page where memory lingers" and encouraging a better school and class spirit among the students.

On Imagination.

THESE is one attribute of our mental nature the cultivation and development of which it seems to me is to a large extent slighted and neglected. Imagination at first thought may appear to be but a useless excrescence or fungus growth upon the mind; but when studied closely, we are surprised at the intimate and inseparable connection which exists between it and memory, perception, observation, foresight, judgment and all the faculties of the human mind. Rob memory and perception of imagination and you have blurred and indistinct images; without imagination observation is incomplete, foresight impossible, and judgment incapable and untrue. We are inclined to want to deal with facts---hard, cold facts as we term them; and when in our pensive moods our minds drift to lines of thought separated as we think from what in broad awake every day life seem to be facts, we check ourselves as venturing beyond the bounds of reason. We seldom stop to consider the real and important part which imagination plays in shaping our lives, in making the history of the world and in changing the very features of the earth upon which we dwell. Politics, finance, art, religion are all imbued with imagination. The distinguishing characteristic in common with all great men of genius is a vivid and versatile imagination. It is the asset alike of the great writer, the great inventor, the great artist, the great general, the great statesman, the great lawgiver, the great ruler. It serves the poet as a ladder whereby he can ascend to the ecstasies of Heaven; the maniac uses it as the dark cave that leads him to the torments of hell. Human destiny, moreover, to an extent far more than we realize, depends upon human imagination. This may seem a wild assertion but upon deep contemplation it seems to be the truth. For indeed and in truth imagination is that power of the mind that shoots its rays beyond the bonds of knowledge and enables man to grope his way tediously but constantly onward through the mysteries of the unknown; and to

subjugate them to the realms of knowledge. All human progress in its embryonic state is imagination; likewise all human knowledge was in its incipency human imagination.

There is a widespread idea that imagination has in it the conception of the impossible which is altogether wrong; and, too, there is a more prevalent opinion that it contains an idea of the unreal which may be equally wrong. Imagination is the power of the mind to conceive of the possible. No stretch of human imagination or flight of human fancy can exceed the possibilities of a God. There are some nice distinctions in the use of the word which it is not my purpose to discuss in this paper. In the sense used here it is the explosive power of the mind by which stones are blasted from the quarry of knowledge; it is the deep-sea dredge of the mental powers; the powerful lens that searches the vast unknown; the microscope that reveals the substance of the Invisible; the fearless pioneer of the Undiscovered.

A philosopher gazes upward through the deep serenity of the night. His eyes behold but a scintillating light, but his mind sees a vast rotund globe like as the earth upon which we stand. Gazing through a telescope the philosopher beholds with his eyes the distant world; but with his mind he now sees mountains, rivers, craters. Peering through other lens his eyes discern the mountains, craters, etc., but his mind pictures upon the mountain peak the form of a woman with an angelic face turned heavenward and lighted with a smile; and who knows but that some day the philosopher peering down from the ramparts of heaven, may see and receive that smile still fresh in his memory.

"Imagination bodies forth the form of things unseen." Two men inspect a block of marble: One sees but a huge, unsightly mass of stone; the other, looking with a divining eye, sees imbedded in the uncouth mass of stone a form angelic, and with his chisel carving away the outer stone, he reveals to the wondering

eyes of men a master-piece of sculpture.

In poetry how imagination decorates the world in colors meet and fitting to the setting of each scene. The superior flash of beauty, of pathos, and of gloom that thrills us and moves us to a higher plane of life, is but the conception of an ingenious imagination that sees more than to matter-of-fact eyes and dull intelligence is revealed. In finance and politics, the two great games at which the multitudes of earth delight to play, how imagination leads judgment by the hand to play the winning cards.

Civilization, like water poured into a level basin spreads in all directions till it meets with barriers, then it turns back and grows in depth. The bounds of civilization are, so to speak, mountain ridges which confine and hold to their accustomed place the human tides as the shores do the waters of an inland sea. But if death does not evaporate human life as fast as nature doth supply, then in time the volume of the human waters will exceed the confining volume of the barriers and civilization will overflow to other basins of the earth.

Men climb to the summits of the barriers that surround our civilization and peer down into the great, broad valley beyond. It is a wilderness that they behold, swamps dismal and forests broad, dense and gloomy, lairs for the dens of beasts and the nests of birds, but in no way suited to the needs of man; and beyond the forests is a vast waste of rolling prairie; and beyond that a desert land; and further still the hills and mountains break and raise their great dark forms against the sky, their heads hooded in perpetual snow and their bosoms studded with crystal lakes, and they add a sort of sombre grandeur to the scene. But what enhances the fantastic terror of it all are the creeping rivers which like slimy, mottled reptiles glide forth from the canyons of the mountains and stretch their glistening bodies across the sunlit desert sands and conceal their heads in the swamps of the forests. And these men turn back from this scene to more pleasant and accustomed sights.

One day a man climbs to the summit of the ridge and views the valley that the others have seen. But without turning away

he shuts his eyes and gazes out over the scene with the eyes of the mind. Instantly the scene begins to change. The trees begin to fall and the sound of choppers reaches his ears. Logs now lay where trees stood, and the rich timber soil smiles beneath the sheen of a morning's sun. Smoke begins to appear, and the logs have disappeared from where they lay, piles of lumber lie near where houses are being built; farms are seen on the rolling prairie land; children play beneath trees where the panther was wont to await his prey, and herds of cattle graze where bands of wolves did roam. Along beside the rivers' currents, forms more swift now run, and laboring up the mountain's side beneath the noon-day sun, they soon return with burdens of building stone and precious ore. The grind of machinery fills the air, and the sounds of life are everywhere; factories belch forth their murky clouds of smoke, and as the sun sets on this day, its golden rays glance on massive brick and granite walls and reflect from windows ten stories high, and, as its last rays faintly glimmer on the western sky, the myriad lights of cities in the dusk of evening appear to declare to the coming night the grandeur of the day.

And the man opens his eyes again and sees the valley as first he saw it. But the vision of the changed valley remains with him; and he plunges into it to await the Day of Change which finally comes, and, when it comes, it is a tedious day of labor manifold but a glorious day when viewed from the mountain peak or from the night that follows after.

And so, too, it is in politics. All men have the same conditions to view, but only the occasional man with foresight sees the unseen and thereby rises to the dignity of a statesman.

Imagination is the soul of ambition; ambition, the soul of progress. The men who have held nations spell-bound have done so by holding before the nation's eyes a vision--a vision gilded with the glittering gold of imagination, a vision as alluring as the oasis to the eyes of the desert-worn traveler, Miltiades, when the hosts of the Persian king lay encamped on the plains of Marathon, held before the little Grecian army the vision of Athens--in shame, if they lost, and in glory, if they won, and his army charged down

ing, quickly wiped out Clinton's advantage, and taking the lead themselves, held it until the last few seconds of play when Clinton fighting desperately, made two field goals and won the game 41 to 40.

A return contest with Nevada on the Nevada court concluded our season. In this game Clinton met her second defeat. The game was played on a waxed dancing floor. All of the Nevada players wore suction soled shoes while those from Clinton had only smooth bottomed tennis shoes. A very good illustration of this game would be a game of hockey between two teams, one of which was fully equipped with skates, the other team playing in ordinary shoes. But let us draw the curtain of charity over this game, telling only the score, which was 26 to 69.

The season's summary shows: Games played, 13; won, 11; lost 2; standing, 846 per cent; total scores, Clinton 805, opponents 307--surely a record of which we may be proud.

Besides their regular schedule of games the team played the High School Faculty, defeating them 22 to 11. Also early in the season a game was played between the Juniors and Seniors, the Seniors being victorious 24 to 14.

The High School had an excellent second team this year, which under the capable coaching of Prof. Smiley, developed excellent team work and always made the regulars play their best to win. It consisted of Gaines, and Lahue, forwards; Whitaker, center; Lobaugh and Fellhauer, guards; Kent and Long, substitutes. They played two outside games. The first at Montrose was a victory for the Seconds by a score of 24 to 20. The second game played on the home court against a strong combination of the best players of Appleton City and Montrose resulted in the defeat of the Seconds by a score of 28 to 23.

Besides these two games the Seconds played a series of three games with the Washington Grade School, all of which were easy victories. These games were very interesting and served the purpose of working out new material for next year.

While the Seconds lost one of the two foreign games played, they deserve a great deal of credit for the long list of victories of the regulars. They were the ones who, each evening, went down and gave the regulars the hardest and fastest workout possible. They were the ones who stimulated such an interest for basket-ball in the High School and among the people of the town. They were the ones who led that enthusiastic squad of rooters, which meant so much to the team. And all of this time they received no praise for their work because it was the kind of work of which none but a player could realize the value. Nevertheless they kept right on working and to them should be given the credit that is justly theirs.

Two society basket-ball games have been played by the High School girls. The first was a tie 15 to 15. The second was won by the Gladstones 28 to 16.

Up to the time the Annual goes to press only two base ball games have been played, those being society games and both resulting in victory for the Gladstones. The first, played in the latter part of September was won by the Gladstones. The second, played in the middle of April was easily annexed by the Gladstones 9 to 5. Although no games have been played by the regulars thus far, we expect to have several victories before the close of school.

As a whole, the season of 1910-11 has been very satisfactory, stimulating interest, not only in the school, but throughout the community. It is to be hoped that the coming year, with the completion of the new High School building affording a modern gymnasium with a complete equipment, will witness still greater progress and accomplishments throughout the entire field of athletics.

" 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

CHARLES H. WHITAKER, JR., '12.

An Epic.

Apropos of the Event of February 25.

The skies they were ashen and sober,
The trees they were barren and sere,
The trees they were dripping and drear,
When our basket-ball team journeyed over
To Nevada with cheer upon cheer;
When our basket-ball team to Nevada
Went down to a game without fear.

There was Filly the Clinton crack forward,
And Graham, the doughty old guard,
The nimble and doughty old guard,
And Turner between reaching skyward,
And Ducky on end playing hard,
And they thought: "This evening one more word
And our record will never be marred."

But the team at Nevada they played some
And with ours they littered the floor,
And with ours they wiped up the floor,
And of baskets they certainly made some
Till Ducky and Graham got sore;
And Clinton High School got afraid some
We'd cheer for our team nevermore.

The next morning in silence they came back
All silent and grievous and sad,
All sorrowful, silent and sad;
This unlucky event put their fame back,
No honor or praise to be had,
And they'll never get that former name back
And they'll never hereafter be glad.

POE-MORROW.

Review of the New Books.

"Why I Am Conceited," by Frank Wadell. A clear and concise statement of fact. The author uses mainly inductive argument to prove his point. A very convincing book. The author will peddle it himself.

"Fifty-Seven Ways of Emptying a Beer Bottle" by Frank Spangler. Extremely new and original. Methods proven and guaranteed by the author. On sale at all drug stores.

"Match-Making and Breaking," by William Davis. This interesting little book contains much inside information upon this delicate point, being illustrated by narratives from the author's own career. A valuable addition to any library.

"Napoleon Buonaparte and the Whiskey Traffic," in three volumes by Blake-More Godwin. A recent biography of the invincible Corsican on a new and hitherto unchronicled phase of his activities. This work is being eagerly read by scholars throughout the world. Translated into 14 foreign tongues. We recommend it to the perusal of our readers.

"Das Shone and Das Weise," by Miss Ina Hart. A work of philosophy rivaling in its depth and clearness of argument those of the great John Locke himself. Although somewhat abstract in nature, it will be enjoyed by all lovers of philosophy. An English translation of the work is now on the market.

"Oh Bob." But her countenance fell, "no I can't. I promised Aunt Sally that I would help her entertain some old General or other and his wife to-night."

"Both the General, I say, Margery, not meaning to be disrespectful to our elders, but put up some excuse or other and get off, fair means or foul."

"No---o---o," she shook her head, "I can't, but what fun it would be; the Warrings are the best of chaperons, and Charley and Kathleen are oceans of fun."

They walked on in silence for a few moments and then suddenly Margery's face lit up.

"I tell you, I can have a put-up headache, excuse myself right after dinner and go up stairs; then later slip off."

"Dandy idea," he exclaimed.

"Well you know the window at the back of the house by the big chimney? At half past eight you come round there, get a ladder out of the wood-shed and I'll be there and climb down; then we can walk to the car, for it would never do to bring it too near the house."

"You're a brick, I knew you could manage it somehow." With these plans settled upon they parted. As Margery neared the house her face assumed a pained expression and to the anxious inquiries she replied that she had a slight headache.

"Mercy sakes, how did I ever manage to do it?" said Margery as she and Bob hurried to the waiting car on the next corner. "Do you suppose we shall get over it all safely?"

"Certainly," he answered, "Don't let that interfere with your enjoyment of the evening."

"Never you fear," she replied.

"I'm so glad you got here all right," whispered Kathleen in the tonneau of the big car as it swung around a curve and shot out into the open country.

It was a perfect night and when they stopped in a secluded little grove the girls uttered exclamations of delight. Mr. Warring and Margery, swinging a bucket between them, sauntered to a near-by spring for water while the others set about making coffee and spreading out the lunch. It was a jolly little company that an hour later started for home. Everyone seemed in the most amiable mood and the laughter and jokes which went on certainly showed the happy care-free minds of the occupants of the big touring car. Suddenly above the sound of the chatter there was a sound like the report of a gun.

"Gee Whiz," ejaculated Charley as he turned an astonished face towards Bob, who gave a long drawn out whistle and brought the machine to a stand still. "Well if we're not in a dickens of a mess now I'll eat my hat."

"Caesar's ghost! What will we ever do," asked Bob.

"We'll have to devise some means to get Margery home," teased Charley. "Now what do you suppose would happen if she came in in the early morning? Why her grandparents would sent her off post haste to an asylum thinking she had gone mad over a headache."

"Well you might do that and pretend just as if you had been walking in your sleep and get over this thing all right," suggested Mr. Warring.

"Thanks for your most brilliant idea, I may use it," replied Margery, teased but not willing to show it.

"Two tires blown and only one new one; still five miles from town," announced Bob on examination.

"I guess we will turn our automobile ride into a sprinting match if we ever intend to reach our homes," said Charley.

"Home, sweet home, there's no place like home," sang Kathleen greatly amused over their predicament.

"Fortunately here is a farm house," said Mr. Warring, "and we're off the home road a number of miles this side of the club."

A Western Venture.

Suggested by a Picture Seen at the Opera House.

IT was toward the close of a warm spring day in a little town in Arizona. The town was in a very mountainous district and the numerous natural caves and abandoned mines offered an excellent refuge for kidnappers and robbers. One of these caves whose location was known to no one except the occupants, was used by the Silver Gang.

Frank Rambler, a wealthy ranchman, had just received a telegram from his niece, Lucile Banks, a Washington society belle, saying that she would be there on the following Friday. Mr. Rambler being delayed, was not able to meet the train on which Lucile arrived.

The leader of the Silver Gang was continually on the watch for new arrivals whom he could kidnap and hold for ransom. Noticing this very attractive young lady, unaccompanied step from the train, he approached, and leading her to believe that he was sent to meet her, took her suitcase and walked with her to his wagon, where another member of the Gang was waiting and hurried away with her. As soon as they were out of sight of the station they blindfolded Lucile. After a journey of quite a distance they arrived at the path that led to the cave. Here they left the wagon and after a tedious journey through the mountains they reached the home of the kidnappers. Promising Lucile no harm if she obeyed their commands, they led her into the cave and removed the blindfold.

Lucile, knowing now she had been kidnapped, pretended to be very ill. The leader, much alarmed, gave a low whistle and a half breed Indian girl entered the cave. He scribbled a few words on a piece of paper and directed the girl to take it to Dr. Ford, who lived in the village. The doctor immediately accompanied the half-breed. When they reached the path one of the gang blindfolded the doctor and led him to the cave, where he was quickly

taken to Lucile.

The doctor soon understood the situation and after ministering to the apparently sick girl he slipped a note, which he had managed to write unseen by the kidnappers, into her hand, telling her to keep up courage and that he would soon return with help. He told the kidnappers that she should be kept quiet. He was again blindfolded and led to the end of the path. Knowing that he would not be able to trace his steps without some clue, he dropped pills from the cave to the end of the path, when his blindfold was removed. He rode quickly to the village and was soon back with the sheriff and his deputies. When they had arrived at the point where he had been blindfolded he easily traced the path by means of the pills he had scattered along. After a short struggle the gang was soon overpowered; and Lucile taken back to the village, where the doctor soon found her uncle, who was almost distracted with grief and anxiety for his niece.

LOUISE WADELL.

They turned and followed him and were soon standing before a farm house. They were surprised to know where they were and on looking around saw that the place was unfamiliar. Charley went up the steps and after pounding on the door until it looked as if it would break in, two night-capped heads appeared at a window above.

"What air ye a pesterin' people this here time er night about?" demanded the old man rubbing his eyes not yet entirely awake.

Charley came down the steps and Bob took off his hat and started to explain.

"Our machine is broken and-----"

"What?" demanded the old woman in a high shrill voice.

"Our car, an automobile, is broken down and-----"

"That er varmint settin' there in the road?" came from the man.

"Yes it is broken and we want horses-----"

"I don't intend to have no sich actin' Bleekman, why man alive yer might get killed," broke in the woman.

"Well I've hearn a mighty sight how's them thar is purty dangerous," this from the man.

"We only want a team of horses," said Charley.

"No sir. I hain't agoin' ter tinker wid one o' them cater-mounts."

"They haint noways safe," exclaimed the old woman shaking her head decidedly at the man.

"Eliza Jane haint goin' to no sich nonsense, air ye?" he demanded, "an' anyhow I ain't ready to be blown up yit."

Then Mr. Warring explained that they had to have help and that this seemed the only place they could possibly hope to get it.

"Well sir," he called, for the figure had begun to retreat

from the window, "will you get a team and take us to town? These ladies cannot stay out here and can't walk back to civilization; we want and must have some kind of conveyance. If you supply one you shall be paid well for your time. We'll leave the machine here and send for it to-morrow."

The man looked at his wife who said that she reckoned it would have to be done and added something about people always disturbin' folks rest when they ought to be home to bed theirselves and then drew back into the room and they saw no more of her. They all went back to the waiting car and after backing it off the road, were standing by the gate when the old fellow drove up with a span of goodly-spirited blacks.

"You've got five miles this side of the Wellington Club and ten miles from Brighton if that's where you wants to go."

It was still a merry party that descended from the wagon at the outskirts of the town. After paying and thanking the old man, they walked on together until their ways separated, then bidding each other good night, still laughing over the happenings of the evening, parted.

Margery and Bob had gotten back safely thus far and as they laughed over the old fellow and his wife, hurried on homeward. She looked down on him from the back window and smiled; after telling him what a splendid time she had had and how much she had enjoyed the trip she told him good night and turned to her own room and rest, still glad she had dared to go.

LORNA D. OWEN.

The New High School.

FOR the past ten years Clinton has needed a new High School. Last year this need became more pressing than ever, on account of the natural growth of the school. Agitation was commenced by those most closely interested and resulted in a call for an election to vote bonds for the erection of the new buildings. Then followed a heated political campaign, which was opened by a letter published in the papers by an opponent of the new school and the Board replied. Then followed quite an interesting correspondence, but the arguments of the opponents were easily out-matched by the Board's replies.

The opposition called a meeting, and presented a few (about 30) resolutions, criticising and censuring almost everything, but stating that they were in favor of a new High School. After good arguments on both sides, all resolutions were stricken out except the one favoring a new High School, when the meeting adjourned sine die. Other enthusiastic meetings were held, which showed hearty approval of the Board's action.

The election resulted in a majority of more than nine to one for the bonds.

All connected with the schools take this opportunity of thanking the generous and loyal citizens of Clinton for their support and this large majority.

Before long we will have a \$45,000 High School, but we will always regret that more money was not asked. However we will make the best of what we have. The building can be built with a provision for future additions, and the entire \$45,000, or at least most of it can be invested in the building and the equipment now used can be put in it, and replaced with new from time to time. If it were possible to build the First Ward School on the lot next to the High School, one heating plant would serve for

both, and effect an initial saving of about two thousand dollars besides a small saving every year.

The Annual asks pardon if it has presumed too much in making these suggestions, but desires to close with one more. The building should be named. There was one (no longer among us) who always stood for the best in Education, and, if he could have been here would have used his best efforts in behalf of a new High School. It seems fitting that the new building should be named for him, who did so much to lift us to our present standard. We refer to Mr. F. S. Callaway.

B-M. G.

ATHLETICS

"Rickety, Rickety, X-Q-X,
Rickety, Rickety, X-Q-X,
Kalamazoo, how do you do,
We're from CLINTON, who are you."

OFTEN during the past winter has this rousing yell risen from an enthusiastic and cheering crowd of rooters who were always on hand to watch their old stand-bys, the Clinton High School basket ball team, do valiant battle with the teams of other schools, encouraging them in the enthusiasm of victory and stimulating them to pluck success from threatened defeat.

In the field of athletics, our work has been largely confined to basket ball, in which we have made a notably brilliant record with an almost unbroken line of victories. During the past season, the Clinton High School has maintained the strongest basket-ball team it has ever put on its court. This was due not only to good material and the hearty support of the friends of athletics outside of the school, but to the active management and sagacious coaching of Mr. Moon, to whom all will be glad to accord a large measure of praise and credit for the season. Among the players

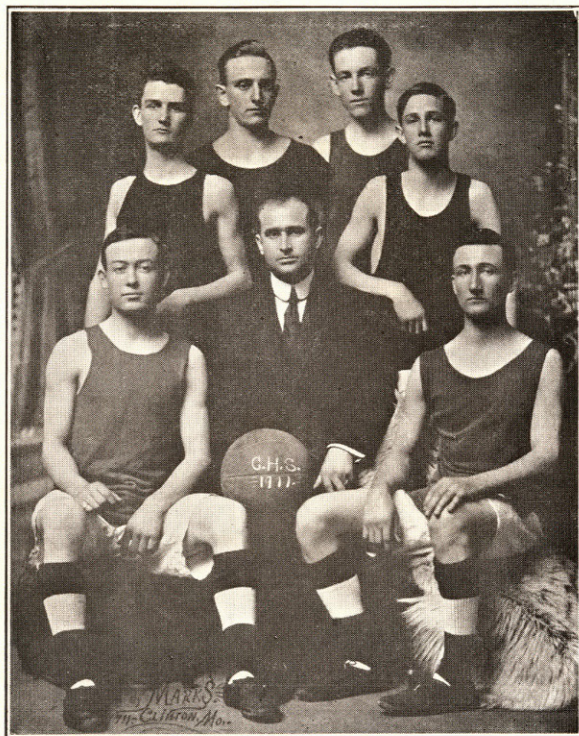
especial praise must be given to Captain Empey for his excellent work.

The Clinton High School is justly proud of the splendid record made by its basket-ball team, eleven victories and only two defeats. A splendid record when one considers that Clinton has been up against some of the fastest teams in the State!

The season opened early in October with a game on the outdoor court at Appleton City with the Academy team of that place. Our team consisted of Empey and Phillips, forwards; Turner, center; Graham and Duckworth, guards; Gray and Lahue, substitutes. This game was easily a victory for Clinton by a score of 35 to 21. The team played well together and gave promise of doing excellent work.

The second game played at Windsor, was practically a repetition of the first, Clinton getting the large end of the score 20 to 10.

Then came the first game on the home court, a return game with Windsor. A large crowd turned out to witness for them-



Basket Ball Team, Season 1910-11.

selves the work of the team that had so far vanquished all its opponents; nor were they disappointed, Clinton winning by a score of 34 to 10. The regular line-up was played with the exception of Graham, who had urgent employment on hand which prevented him from participating. His place was filled by Gray, who was doing excellent work when he severely wrenched his knee incapacitating him for the rest of the season. His place was taken by Lahue who did very creditable work.

Then came the first disaster. The team went to California, Mo., to play the High School of that place. They expected a stiff resistance and their expectations were more than realized, the fast California team, playing like a whirlwind, easily winning the victory by a score of 20 to 32. Although the Californians gave us the small end of the score, the boys of the team and Mr. Smiley, who accompanied them, brought back enthusiastic reports of the good treatment received at the hands of the Californians.

Cold weather now set in preventing further playing on the out-door court and means were taken to secure an indoor one. Messrs. Moon and Empey, having looked at all available places, came to the conclusion that the Dorman building on North Washington street was the only suitable building for a basket-ball court. Through their efforts, this building was secured for the months of December, January and February.

The first game on the indoor court was a return game with the Appleton City Academy. The Appletonians came down resolved to avenge their former defeat at the hands of the Clinton team by copping the bunting of victory; but, as the Scottish poet says, "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," and so it was in this case, the score being 42 to 29 in Clinton's favor. The game was clean and well played and much closer than the score indicated.

Our next game was played on the home court with Versailles. Clinton was easily victorious, in what was the roughest game of the season, by a score of 59 to 22. Duckworth was unable to

play this game because of an injured hand and Turner was forced to discontinue playing in the early part of the game because of a wound resulting from the rough play. Their places were filled by Lahue and Brown, respectively, both of whom did excellent work.

Then came a game on the home court with a bunch from Lamar, who with rare humor, styled themselves the "Missouri University Freshmen Team." They were easily vanquished in a rather one-sided game, 49 to 16.

The next game was a return game with the California High School. As California had given the team their only defeat thus far, the interest was intense and the boys of the home team were grimly determined to even up matters by winning the victory. Their hopes were crowned with success, Clinton winning by a score of 34 to 16 in a fast game.

Then came a game on the home court with Kemper Military Academy of Boonville, a school entirely out of our class, but by this time we had so much confidence in our team that we would unhesitatingly have put them up against any team in the State. At the end of the first half, the score stood 14 to 12 in Kemper's favor. Until the last ten minutes of play, Kemper maintained a lead of two points, but in those last minutes, the home team made a sudden spurt, winning by a score of 28 to 23.

Our next victims were the Warrensburg High School boys, who were easily defeated with the one-sided score of 82 to 9. The feature of this game was the excellent goal throwing by Empey, Phillips and Graham. Having done a good thing once, we decided to repeat the performance of defeating Warrensburg again, a week later on the Warrensburg court, by a score of 28 to 10.

The next game, the fastest and closest of the season, was played on the home court with our old rivals, the Nevada High School. In the first half Clinton secured and maintained a good lead, but in the second half, the Nevada boys by sensational play-

the mountain side and swept their enemy like a hurricane. Napoleon, whose footfall made Europe tremble like a suspended bridge, raised himself to the Emperor of a nation, and raised that nation to the leadership of a continent, not more by the dynamic force of his character than the force of his vision. As a boy he carried Homer in his pocket, his sword by his side and a world-wide vision before his eyes, a vision of himself the ruler of France and of France the ruler of the world. And this vision of a swallow-complexioned youth held before a nation's eyes resulted in the most phenomenal military achievement the world has ever seen.

But imagination is dangerous. There is a nice discretion to be used in the control of this impetuous power of the mind. Suffer not your imagination to dwell upon evil, but let it be of an elevating and uplifting nature. Imagination can sink the mind to the lurid labyrinths of hell or raise it to the flower-lined aisles of Paradise. On a summer's eve a maiden of rare and radiant beauty comes forth from a modest home and wanders across green

pastures to the summit of a nearby hill, and there seated upon a tuft of grass, watches with ecstatic joy the splendor of the setting sun as it slowly fades away and leaves the world in the bashful light of the stars and moon. A man issues forth from a home palatial, and with quick steps and downcast eyes he hastens to a closed carriage and drives away. He dares not lift his eyes to the silent stars above his head. He is intelligent, educated, but there is something terrible in his thoughts. Life to him is misery. He must hold his thoughts to commonplace things, he dares not let them range in free and unobstructed channels. There is something hideous that he sees, that if he were to let his mind but dwell upon it, it would drive him mad. So it is well to strictly guard our secret thoughts and restrain our fancy flights by an ever present consciousness of our weak human nature and of the reverence of mind due towards God.

LELAND BELISLE.

A Stolen Measure.

MARGERY WYNN was a typical care-free American girl. There was something about the pretty face so delicately colored with its crown of curly brown hair which always attracted attention. The flashing hazel eyes were always bright with laughter and the rosy lips were always smiling. The neat graceful figure was well known in the little town of Brighton for she was a lovable girl and had that divine gift of making friends. And then too she was the granddaughter of old Colonel Wynn, who owned the big house on Wynn Hill.

The Colonel was an aristocrat, one would term him that at the first glance. He was a distinguished and proud old gentleman and was exceedingly fond of his fascinating little granddaughter. He was devoted to her and took her about with him

extensively, consequently she became acquainted with the most prominent men of the town. So it happened that one day in the private office of Dr. Malett she met his only son Bob. It was not long before these two became steadfast friends and companions.

One day as Margery turned leisurely homeward she heard some one walking rapidly behind her; turning she met the friendly smile and outstretched hand of Bob.

"Hello, say Margery," he went on breathlessly, "I met Charley and Kathleen at the ice cream parlor as I stopped for a soda and we are going to the woods to-night with Mr. and Mrs. Warring as chaperons; have a little to eat and return by moonlight. What do you say? Will you go?"

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MISS MELTON IN LATIN:

When the pilot Palinurus was floundering in the sea, his swimming eyes fixed upon the stars; with one hand uplifted to the gods while with the other he called loudly for help, what did it prophesy concerning the future history of the British Empire?

Frank Spangler; "Yes, dad wants me to go to work. He says I ought to find something to do besides him."

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It was in the midst of a hot,
lazy, class-cutting afternoon.
The carnival was in town; the
steam-piano suddenly com-
menced playing "Casey Jones."
Ralph Turner immediately
awoke.

"Say," he said, turning
around, "do you hear the
steam cantaloupe?"

American Produce Co.

Buyers and Shippers of

Poultry, Eggs and Butter.

Strictly Canded and Graded Eggs.

Milk-fed Poultry a Specialty.

Owned and Operated by

Leroy Lobaugh, Class '85.



South Side Square.

High-Class Tailoring

E. C. Kent.

Clinton, Mo.

Your Attention This Way, Please!

When wanting anything in the way of
Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
Cut Glass, Silverware, etc., go to

Keil's Good Quality Jewelry Store,

the largest and finest jewelry estab-
lishment in Henry county. Here
since 1870.

C. J. KEIL,

The Reliable Jeweler and Optician.

A. F. Meyer Hdw. Co.

FOR

WHITE FROST REFRIGERATORS

AND

PARK LAWN MOWERS.

Will Davis: "The third class of levers is where the acting force is between the resisting force and the frustum."

Zoe Parks: "Conventicle? Why that was drawn up between Abraham and God."

Kansas City Dry Goods Co.

When you think of Books, think of

McKee's Book Store.

TROY STEAM LAUNDRY,

CLINTON, MISSOURI.

We return everything but the dirt.

C. C. DICKINSON & SON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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Missouri.

It pays to trade at

Degen's CLINTON, MO.

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Wholesale Grocers.

Sole Agents and Distributors of

MOSES' BEST and
ROYAL NO. 10 FLOUR.

Quality the best. Every bag
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The Home of
Ferndell Pure Food Goods.

Agents for
White Loaf Flour.

W. H. Leonard,

Fancy Groceries.

Phone 62.

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Largest Lumber Yard in Henry County.

EVERYTHING TO COMPLETE YOUR BUILDING.

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Dealer in

Fine Confections
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East Side Square.

The place to get your money's
worth.

Courteous Treatment.

Specialty of Ice Cream by gal-
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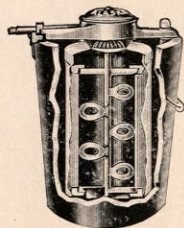
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FOR GIFTS.

Get my prices before buying.

Thompson.

South Side.

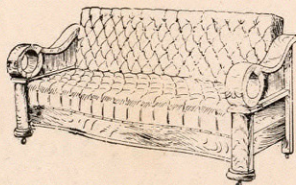
People's Hdw. Co.



Exclusive
Agents
for

Alaska
Freezer.

Makes cream in three minutes.



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Furniture,
Wall Paper,
Lace Curtains,
Undertaking.

R. D. Cline, Mgr.

B. G. PHILLIPS,

DRY GOODS, SHOES AND READY-TO-WEAR.

She: "It must be fine to sing in the Glee Club."

He: "It ought to be a fine or imprisonment."

Mr. Moon: "Who made Falstaff?"

Susan: "Lemp."

When you desire Wall Paper or Papering,
remember us.

G. H. VanDyke.

H. N. KIBBEY,

HARNESS, BUGGIES AND SHOES.

Coddington & Mitchem,

Wholesale and Retail Bakers.

409 South Washington Street.

WHEN U R HUNGRY

Don't forget the place.

TAYLOR'S EATING HOUSE

205 South Washington Street.

For Correct Styles and
Prices, see

**Wales
Millinery
Co.**

West Side Square.

Piper Bros.

**Dry Goods,
Clothing, etc.**



114 East Side Square.

**The
Chocolate
Shop**

Makers of

**Delicious Candies, Ice Cream,
Ices and Sherberts.**

Special Attention to Parties and
Receptions.

**Chas. L. Grimes,
Bruce E. Senter.**

Gildersleeve: "Well, how
did you like my debate?"

Senior: "It was bum. If
it were not so I would have
told you."

Mr. Moon: "What is a
pauper?"

Leila Martha Williams:
"Why---er---ain't it a fortune
teller?"

Speeches and wheels are
often similar; the longer the
spoke the greater the tire.

See

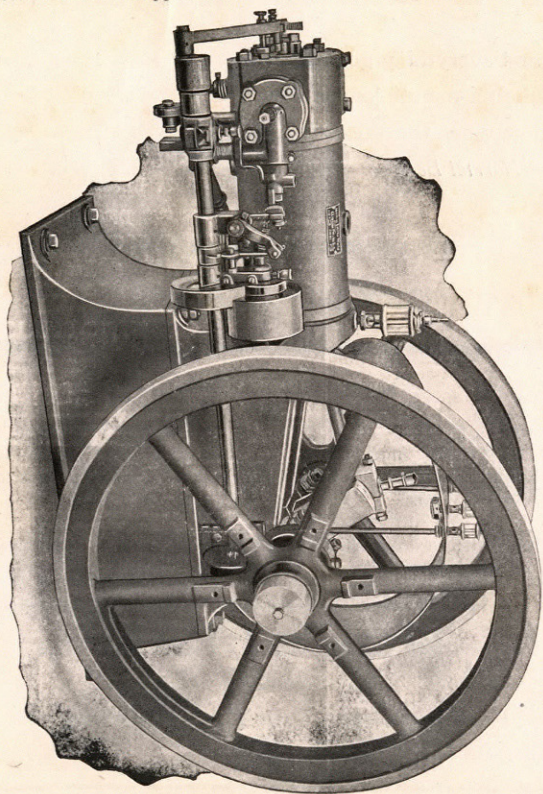
Geraghty

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**Bixman Opera House
For Shows.**

Our Gasoline Engines are better than any other engines made west of the Mississippi River. INDUSTRIAL IRON WORKS.



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Good Advice to Young Men.

WHEN you get into a tight place and everything goes against you until it seems you cannot hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just place and time when the tide will turn.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

Best advice we can give you is to buy your Clothing from **WILLIAMS CLOTHING CO.**, where you get best values for the prices.

A FEW EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

MISS KENNEDY IN MATH.:

Given x the number of words in a Senior essay and y the time to get it in, calculate the distance of a Senior from his diploma.

Calculate the evident proximity of the destruction of the world if Frank Spangler should make a grade of 98 in Soph. Latin.

MR. SCHNABEL IN SCIENCE:

How many ergs of energy would be required to bring a High School student from his bed at 6:30 every morning?

Work out as accurately as possible the formula for the average Sophomore's gall. (N. B.—Four years will be allowed to answer this.)

Explain the attraction and repulsion between Frank Wadell and the Junior Girls.

MISS CALVIRD IN HISTORY:

Give a full description of all the governments of the world, their rise and fall, their effects upon the countries in which they flourished, together with biographies of their principal rulers and the dates of their reigns.

Name ten thousand of the world's greatest men from Noah down to Mr. Moon.

SIMS & HURT,

Dealers in

Furniture and Undertaking Goods.

Clinton, Missouri.

PARKS & SON, LAWYERS.

"How did you like the carnival?"

"Fine!"

"So did we; and didn't Frank Wadell make a good manager of the "Georgia Minstrels?" and wasn't Filly great in extolling the merits of "Zarola, the Egyptian dancer?" We hear that Ducky had a job, too, but got there too late."

The Art Studio.



Miss Jackson.

The Grace Hat

Leads all styles.

The Season's Best in
Millinery.

**Miss Margaret
King.**

Dr. Derwent, Oculist.

Miss Calvird: "Evert, what is a Vandyke beard?"

Phillips: "Why---er---its a drink, of course."

Mr. Moon (apropos of the study of Browning): "Who was Saul."

Elmer Fellhater: "He---er---was King of Tarsus, wasn't he?"

"I see you are smiling at my jokes," said the ANNUAL contributor, hopefully. "Yes," replied the editor, "that courtesy is due when one meets old friends."

FROM A FRESHMAN HISTORY PAPER.

"What happened to Babylon?" asked Miss C.

"It fell," cried the pupils.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured."

HEARD IN CLASS.

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Mr. S.

"I think it must be the beams," answered Mallie.

A perplexing question: "Why is a Senior essay?"

AUCTION SALE.

WE, the undersigned, will sell at public auction at the South Door of the Clinton High School on the Saturday after last day of May, 1911 to the highest cash bidder, the following property, to-wit:

One party machine, used in the Gladstone Literary society since January 15th, 1909, when it was newly organized. It has elected 75 per cent of all its candidates and 100 per cent in some elections. Better now than new. Guaranteed to run. We graduate this year, and have no more use for it. Complete abstract furnished showing title to the Society, and Constitution and By-Laws.

Said machine must be paid for in cash before using.

CHARLES GRAHAM.
MAURICE W. TURNER.
ELMER B. FELLHAUER.
FRANK B. WADELL.
LESLIE L. LOBAUGH.
GLENN R. MORROW.
BLAKE-MORE GODWIN.

All by the Chairman of the Central Committee,
BLAKE-MORE GODWIN.

Attest: GLENN R. MORROW, Secretary.

Auctioneers:

Col. WILL EMPEY.
Col. EDWARD GREY.

The Senior Class

wish to express their grateful acknowledgment of the patronage shown them by the business men of Clinton.

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West Side Square.

Let Us Help Start You Right.

Don't be a "good fellow"---be a man.

Take care of your health.

Habits of thrift formed early in life insure comfort in later years.

We invite you to start a savings account with us today.

\$1.00 is sufficient.

THE CITIZENS BANK OF CLINTON.

THE HOME BANK.

SNAPPY CLOTHES FOR YOUNG FELLOWS.

We Sell Clothes of Such Smart Designs that Practically All the Knowing
Young Fellows Will be Here for Their Graduation Suits.

J. L. GOSS,

The Outfitter.